

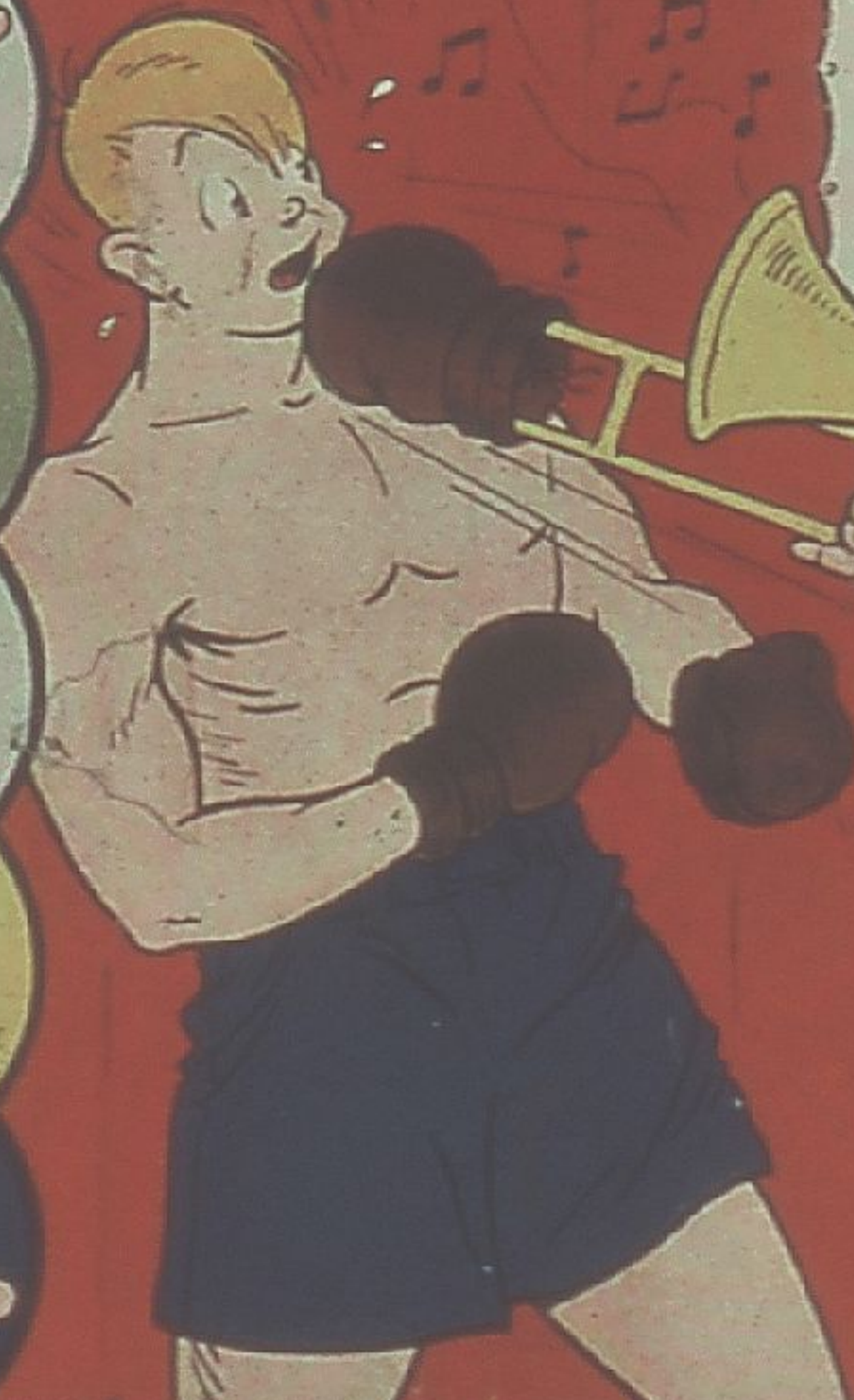


FEATURE Funnies

SEPTEMBER

NO. 12

10¢




JOE PALOOKA'S
TRAINING
QUARTERS
SPARRING PARTNERS
WANTED!
Knobby Arden






WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM




ALL US
CHAMPEEN
ATHLETES
EAT
CANDY!




WELL, GEORGE
BUNGLER, FOR
ONCE WE AGREE---
CANDY
IS A
REAL
FOOD!



CANDY
IS
DELICIOUS FOOD
ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!

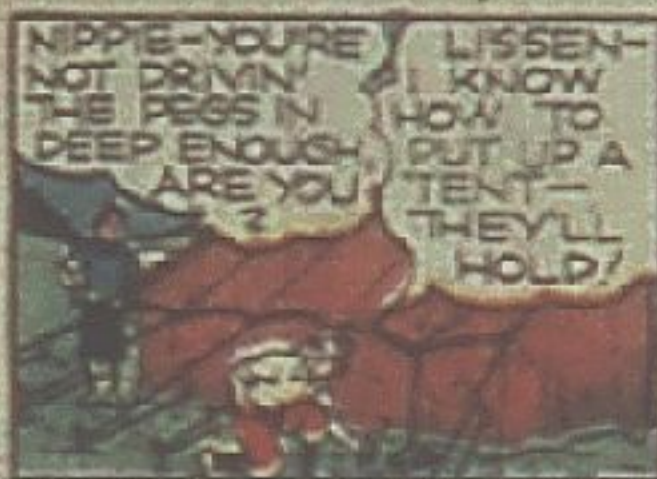


I DO ENJOY
CANDY EVERY
DAY--IT KEEPS
ME FULL
OF PEP!



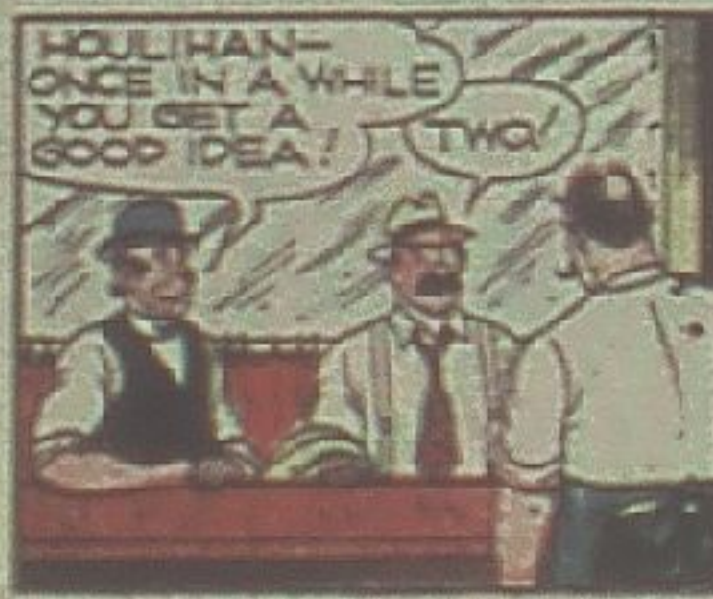
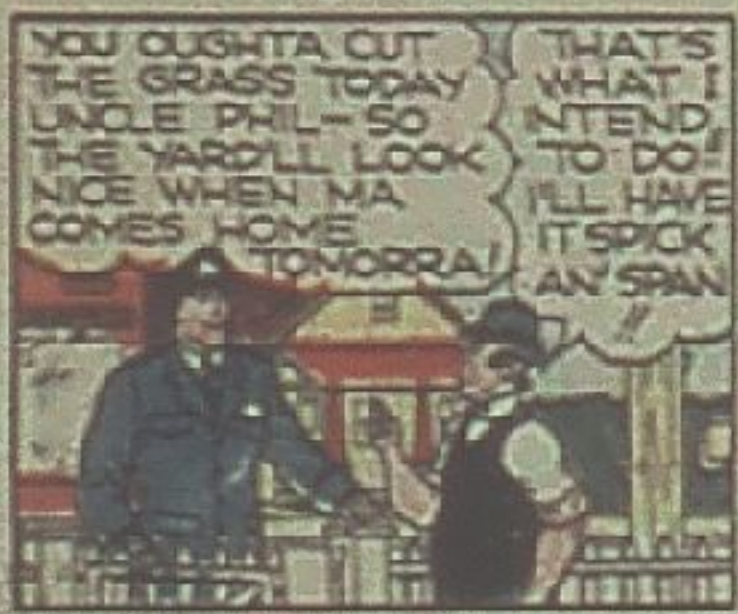
OH BOY!
BETWEEN
ME AND
YOU---
CANDY
IS MY
FAVORITE
DISH!

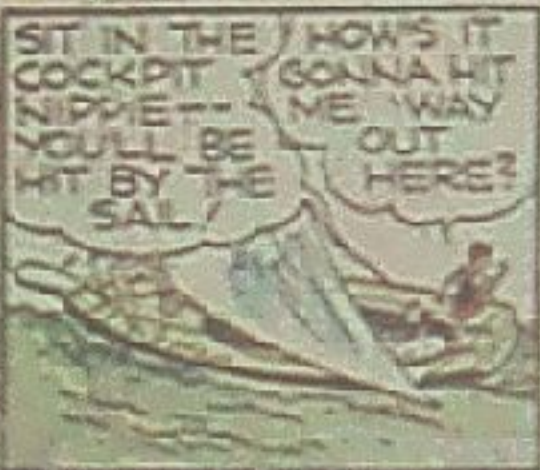
CROWN
EDWIN



MICKEY FINN

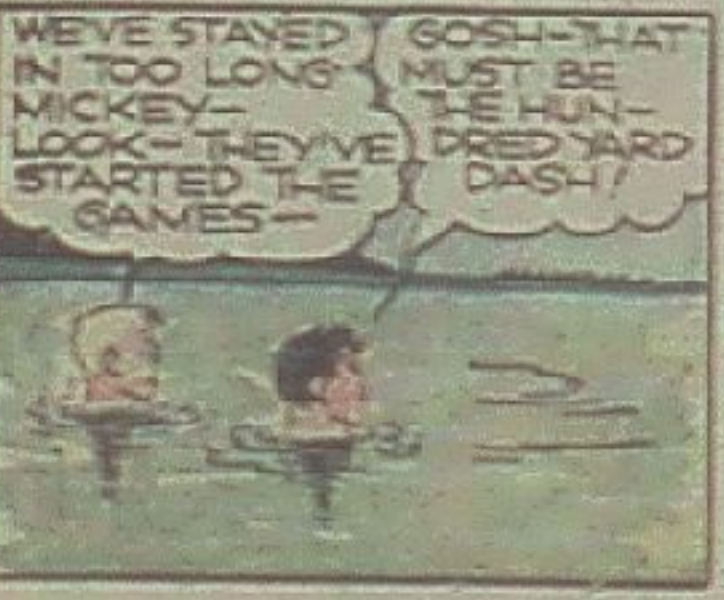
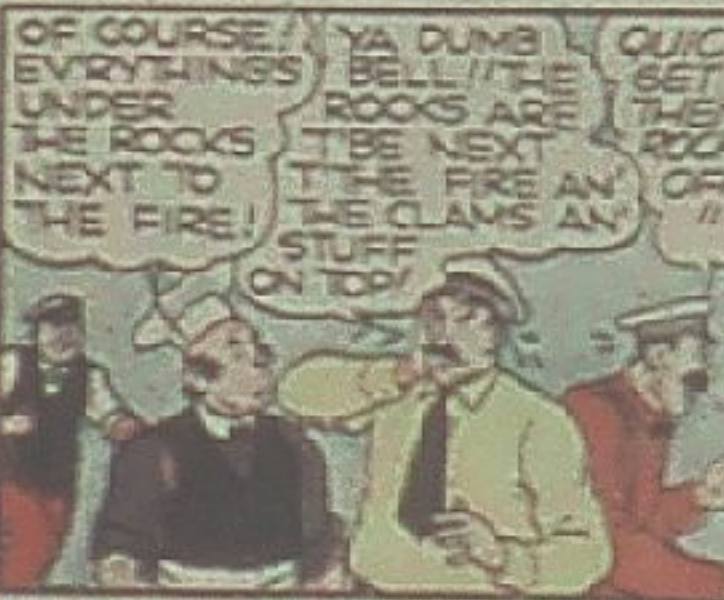
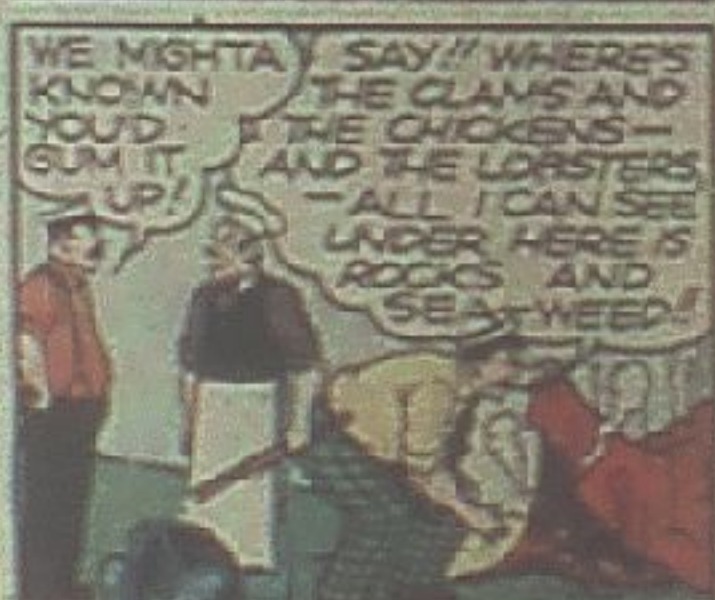
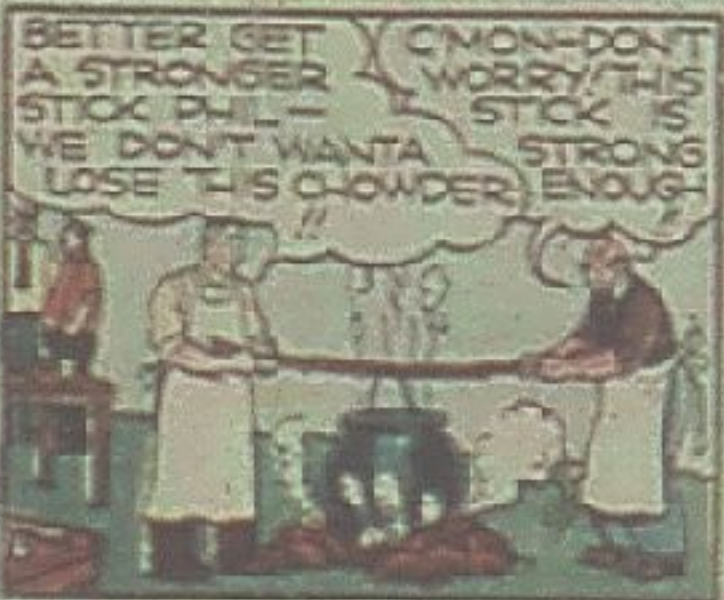
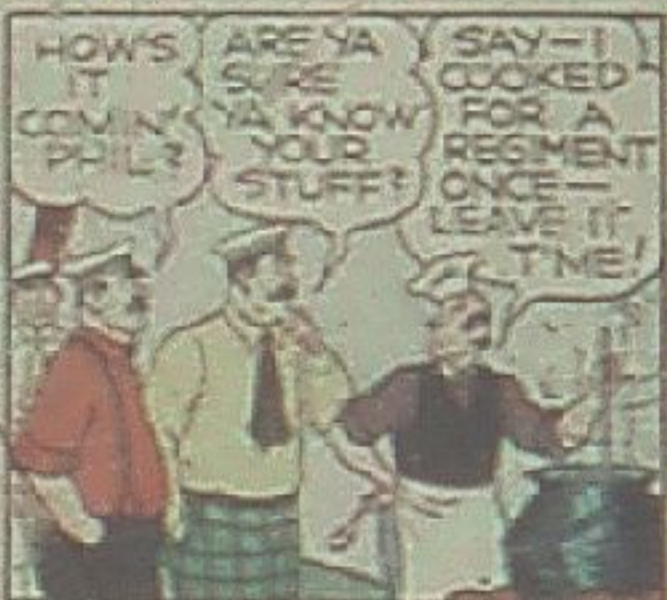
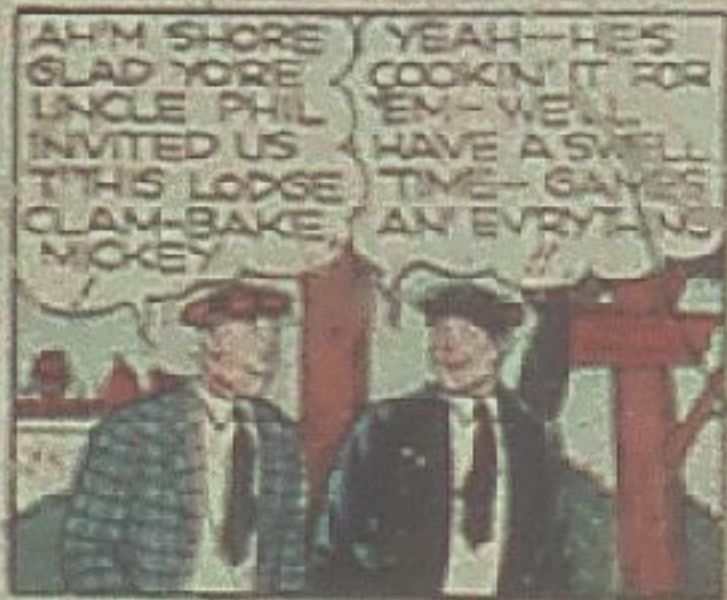
By LANK LEONARD

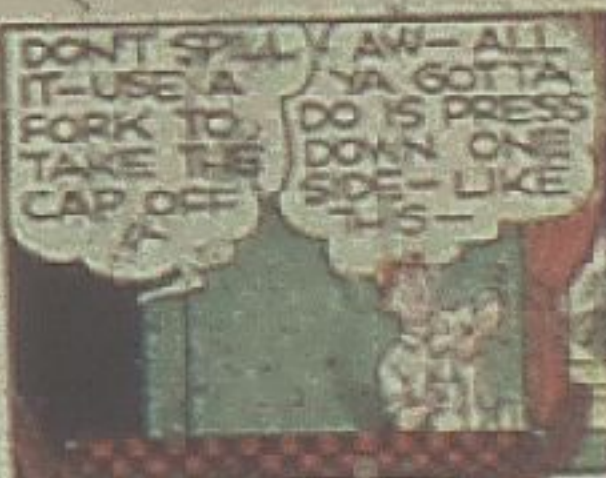




MICKEY FINN

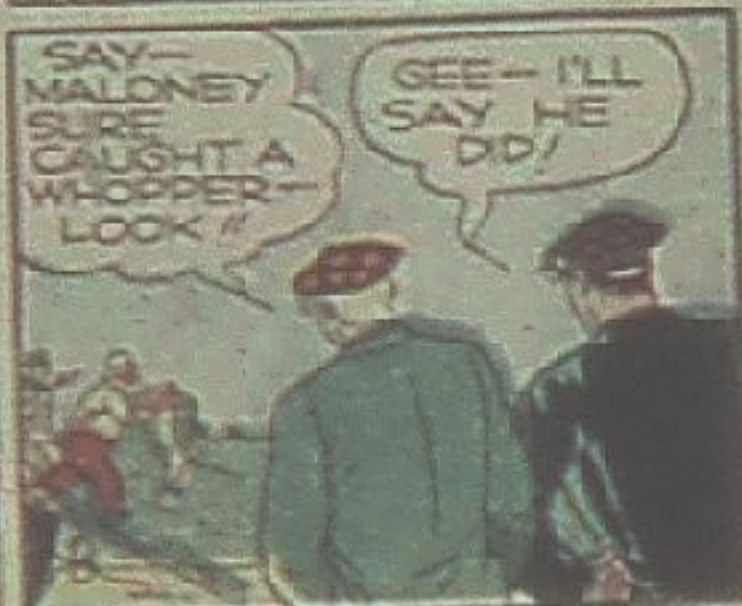
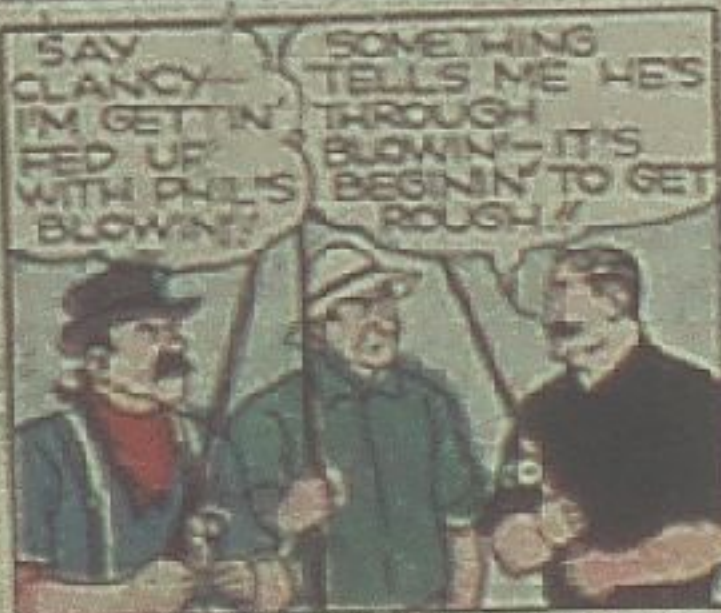
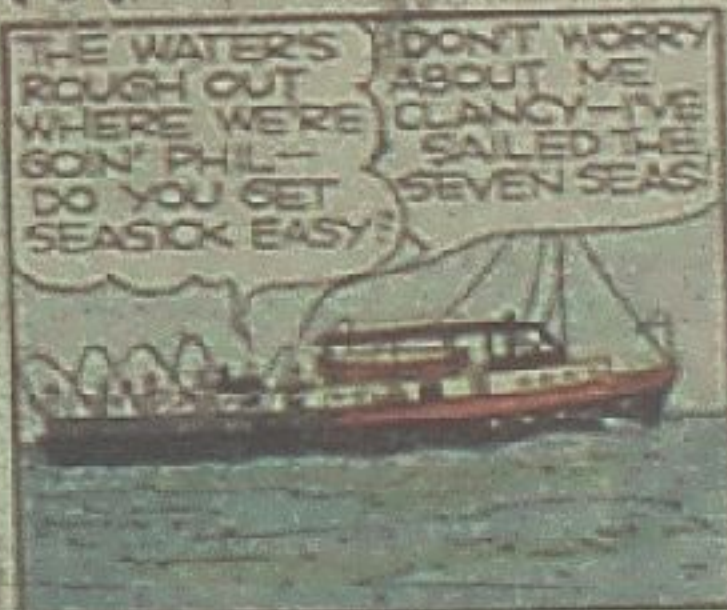
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

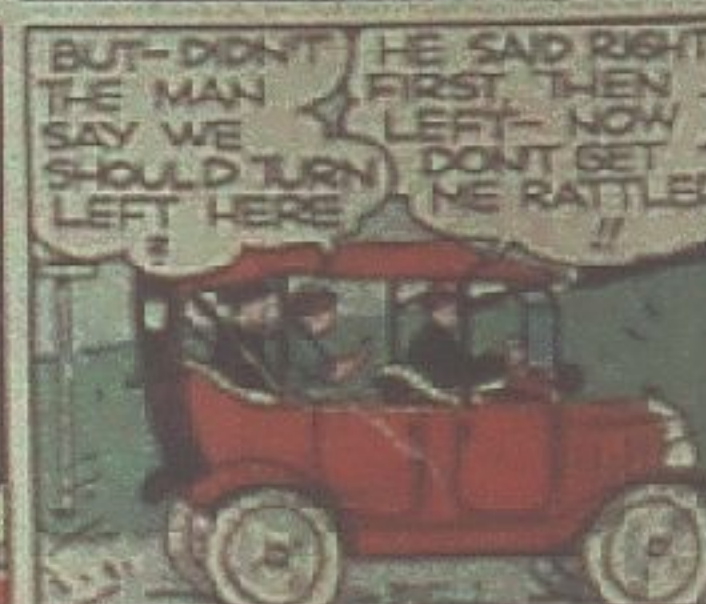
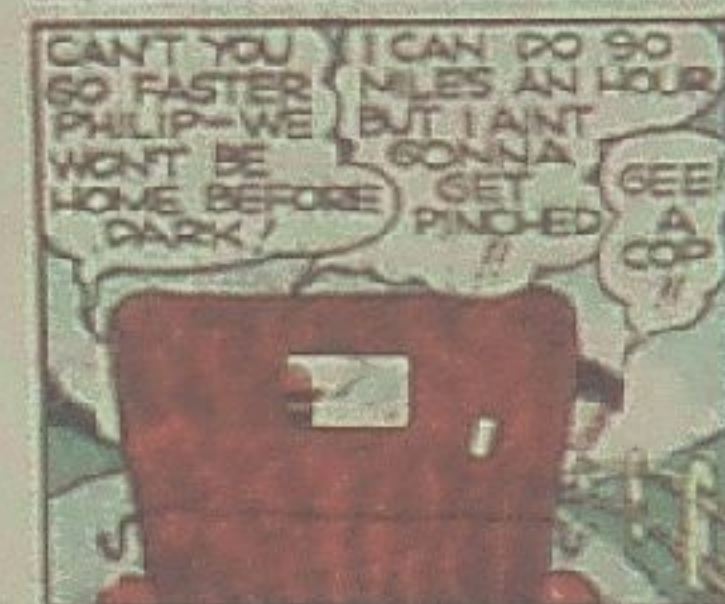
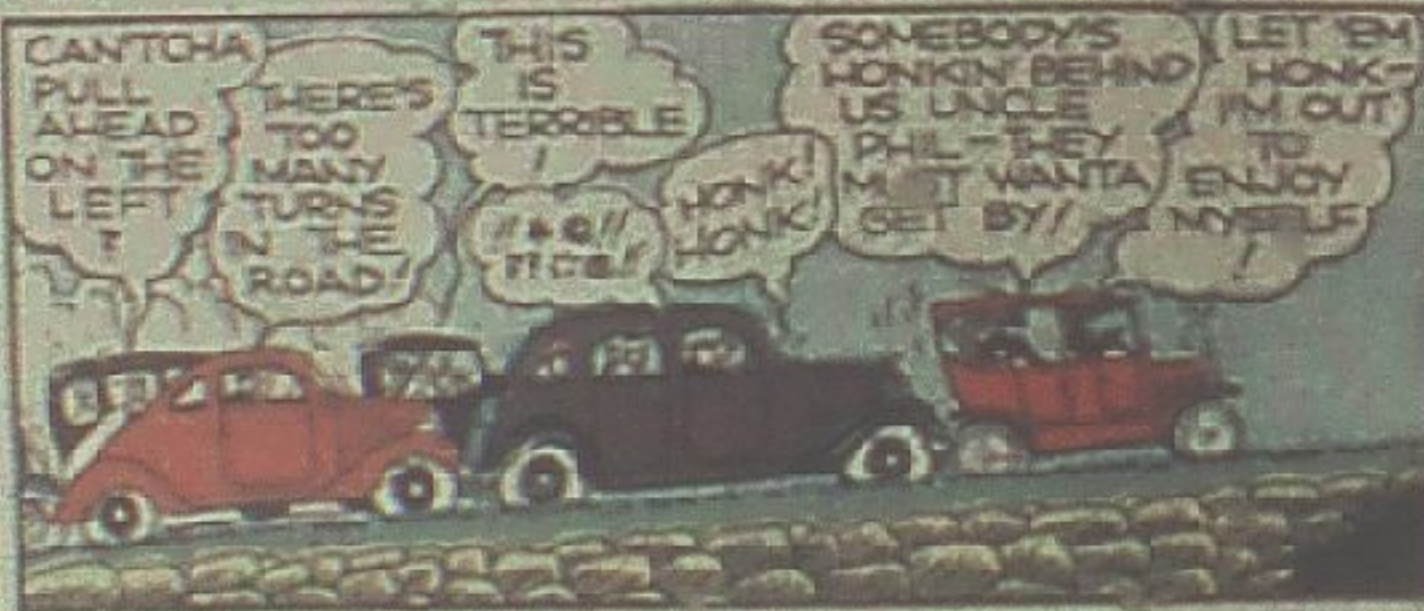




MICKEY FINN

© 1934 LANK LEONARD

By LANK LEONARD



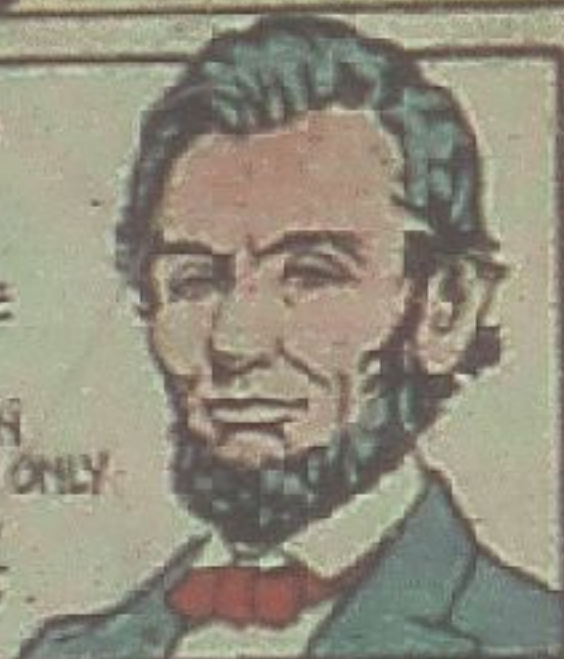
Follow Mickey Finn in the October issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale August 31st.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by JOHN HIX



GUESTS OF THE HOTEL BARBARN WORTH,
EL CENTRO CAL. EAT BELOW SEA LEVEL
AND SLEEP ABOVE SEA LEVEL...
THE FIRST 3 STORIES ARE
BELOW AND THE TOP 3 ARE ABOVE

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
WORE A BEARD FOR ONLY
4 1/2 YEARS...
Oct., 1860 - April, 1865



TWIN STALKS
OF CORN WERE
GROWN BY
CHARLES CYPERT
FROM A
DOUBLE-HEARTED
GRAIN OF CORN
FOUND NEAR
FLIPPIN, ARK.

SAY AH!
THERE ARE 9 DIFFERENT
WAYS OF SOUNDING THE
LETTER "A" --

AH
ALL
WAS
OVAL
BARE
AT
ASH
ANY
ATE



WALTER JOHNSON -
Washington, A.L.
LED HIS LEAGUE IN
PITCHING STRIKEOUTS
FOR 12 YEARS --
8 YEARS IN A ROW!
HE FANNED A TOTAL
OF 3497 BATTERS

THE
GREAT PYRAMID
WAS THE LARGEST
SINGLE, MAN-MADE STRUCTURE
IN THE WORLD FOR OVER
49 CENTURIES!

IT IS SURPASSED ONLY BY THE
GRAND COULEE AND
BOULDER DAMS

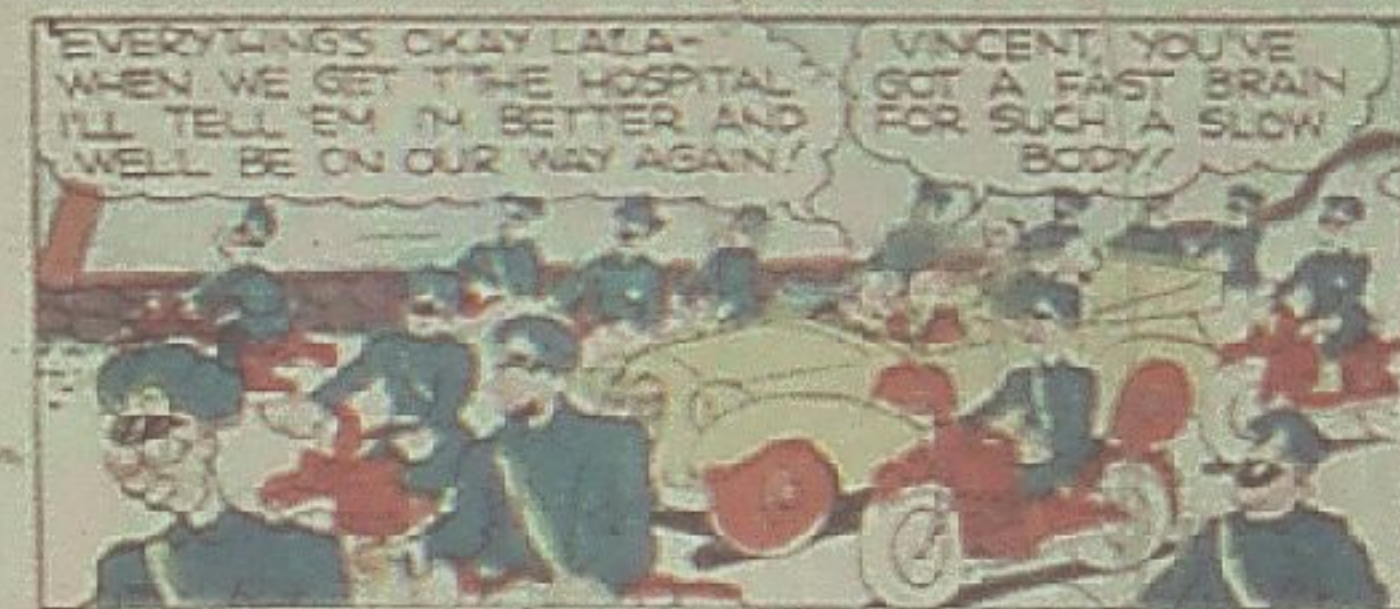
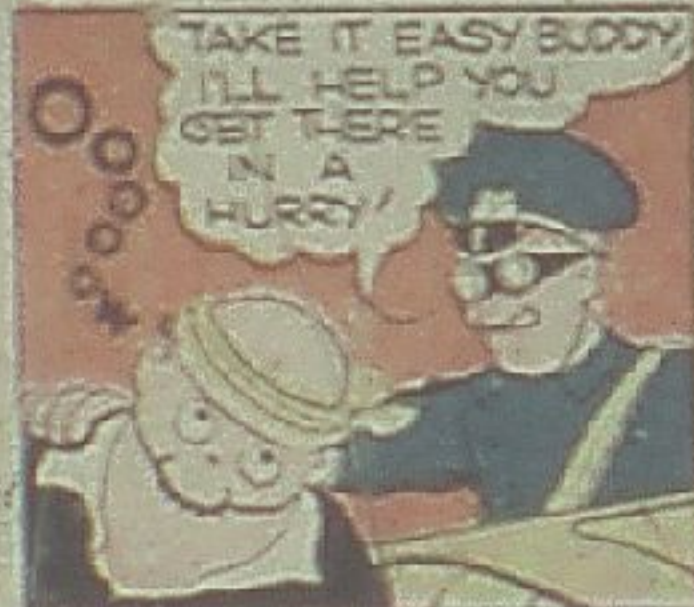


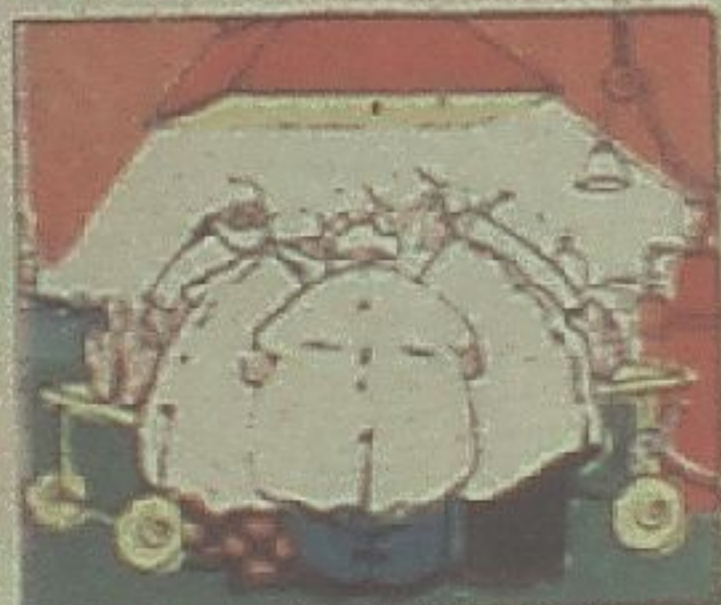
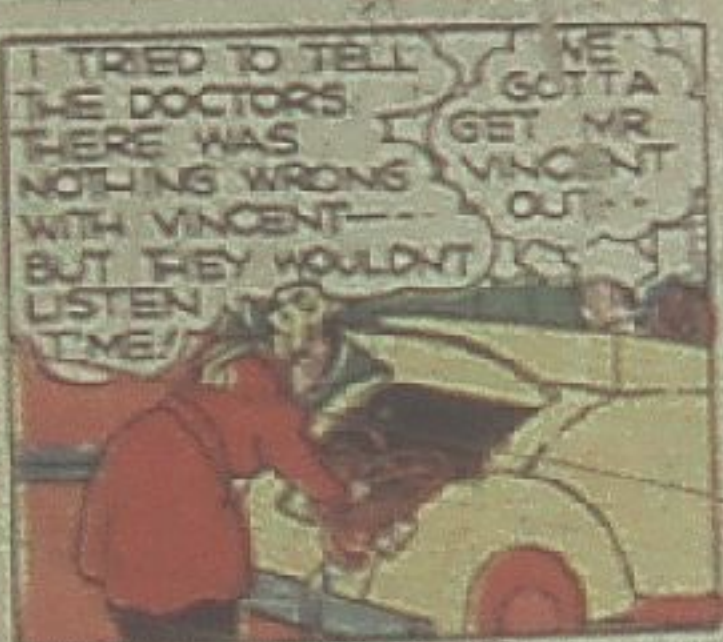
LALA PALOOZA

By ALICE GOLDBERG



IT'S MY MOTORCYCLE COP-FOOLER SIS-I PRESS A BUTTON AN' THOSE FRAMES FOLD DOWN ON EACH SIDE OF THE CAR-MAKING IT LOOK LIKE A BRIDGE-WE STOP QUICK AN' THE COP GOES UP THE BACK AN' RIGHT OVER US!





Let's Papoose

By Russ Goldstein

IT'S ONE OF MY SIMPLEST INVENTIONS SIS-- IF YLIFT YOUR HEAD THE LIGHTED FUSE SETS OFF THE FIRECRACKER WHICH SHOOTS THE TIN CAN IN THE AIR WHICH HITS THE RIDDLE CAUSING THE HAND TO PUSH YOUR HEAD DOWN!!



VINCENT-THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL GOLF COURSE, I'M GOING TO STOP AND PLAY A ROUND. YOU GO BY YOURSELF LALA-- NO DITCH DIGGER!



MISTER PROFESSIONAL, GIVE ME THE MOST EXPENSIVE CLUBS YOU'VE GOT! YE'VE COME THE RIGHT MAN-- I'M JOCK MACWIFE-- AH MAKE TH GREAT PLAYER'S CLUBS.



MODOM--THESE CLUBS ARE BOLANCED TTH HUNDR-R-REDTH OF AN OONCE-- THE SHAFT IS R-REAL GLASSOW STEEL!! WILL IT MAKE ME PLAY SOOOO?



OH-I CANT WANT THIT THE BALL MISTER MACWIFE! AN' HERE'S A BALL THOT'S MADE FOR GR-R-REAT DISTANCE!



THAT CLUB SINGS LIKE A HELLAND LARK! ZING



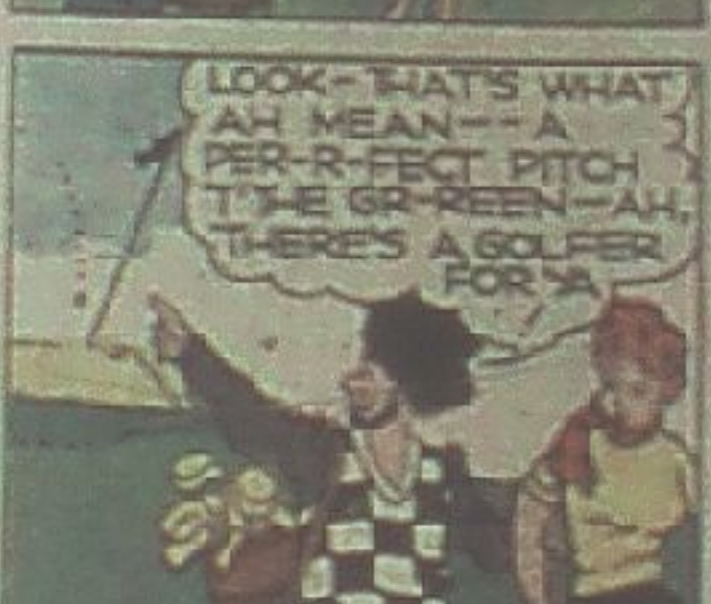
YOU'RE A WEE BIT ONXIOUS MODOM-- TAKE THIS NOONBER FOUR-- IT'S A BONNIE COUPLE FEET STICK! IT ONLY WENT A COUPLE FEET



NOW--KEEP YOUR PR-RETTEY HEAD DOON LASSIE-- AN' FOLLOW TH-R-ROUGH WIF YER SOFT PINK ARMS! OH-MISTER MACWIFE!



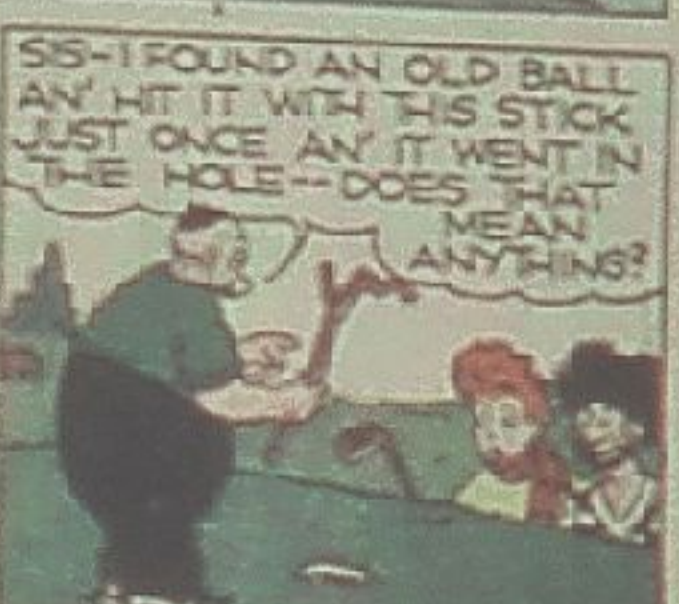
POPO



LOOK--THAT'S WHAT AH MEAN-- A PER-R-FECT PITCH TTHE GR-REEN--AH, THERE'S A GOLFER FOR YA



YOU CAN DO IT YOURSELF IF YA ONLY GK TH CLOOB A CHANCE! LET ME GO UP AND SEE HOW HE DOES IT--



SIS--I FOUND AN OLD BALL AN' HIT IT WITH THIS STICK JUST ONCE AN' IT WENT IN THE HOLE-- DOES THAT MEAN ANYTHINGS?



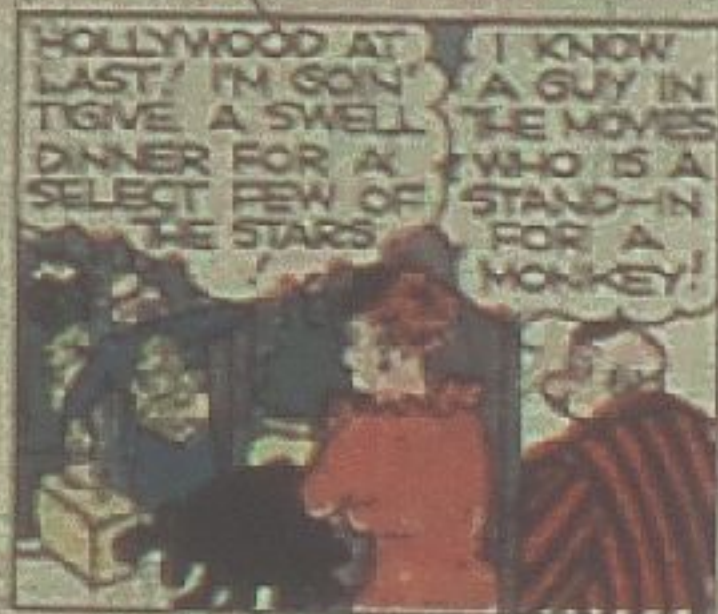
SQUAW THANK NICE LADY FOR GOOD PAPOOSE BAS! MAYBE YOUR CHIEF CAN MAKE THOSE CLUBS OVER INTO ARROWS TOO!

LALA PALOOZA

RUBE GOLDBERG

WHAT'S THAT MACHINE FOR, VINCENT?

LALA-IT'S MY X-RAY TO CHECK UP ON BIG MOVIE STARS' SALARIES--- BILLINGSLEY HERE IS SUPPOSED TO GET 15000 A WEEK-- HIS CHECK IS \$274.88!



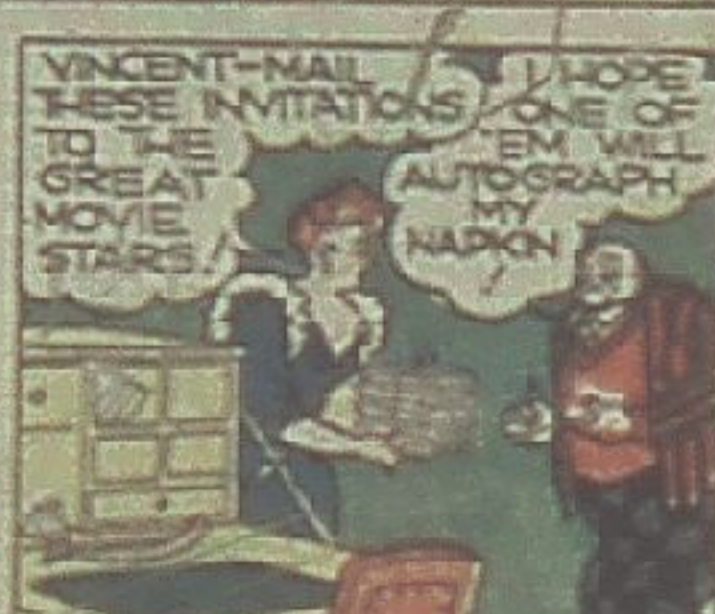
HOLLYWOOD AT LAST! I'M GOIN' TO GIVE A SWELL DINNER FOR A SELECT FEW OF THE STARS

I KNOW A GUY IN THE MOVIES WHO IS A STAND-IN FOR A MONKEY!



I WANT CAVIAR-PHEASANT-CREPE SUZETTE-BAKED ALASKA AND CHAMPAGNE!

YES MADAM



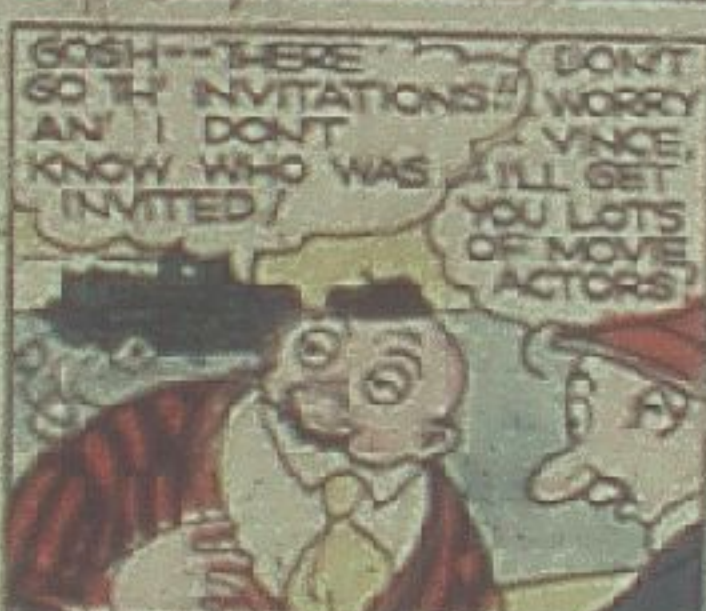
VINCENT-MAIL THESE INVITATIONS TO THE GREAT MOVIE STARS!

I HOPE ONE OF 'EM WILL AUTOGRAPH MY NADON



HELLO VINCENT-- WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' IN HOLLYWOOD?

HELLO JOE-- LALA'S GIVIN' A BLOWOUT FOR MOVIE STARS. I'M MAILIN' 'EM INVITATIONS!



GOSH-- THERE GO TH' INVITATIONS! AN' I DON'T KNOW WHO WAS INVITED!

DON'T WORRY VINCE, I'LL GET YOU LOTS OF MOVIE ACTORS!



THE BOYS'LL BE GLAD TO GET A FREE MEAL!

MOVIE EXTRAS CLUB



MADAM, THE GUESTS ARE ARRIVING. SHALL I ANNOUNCE EACH ONE?

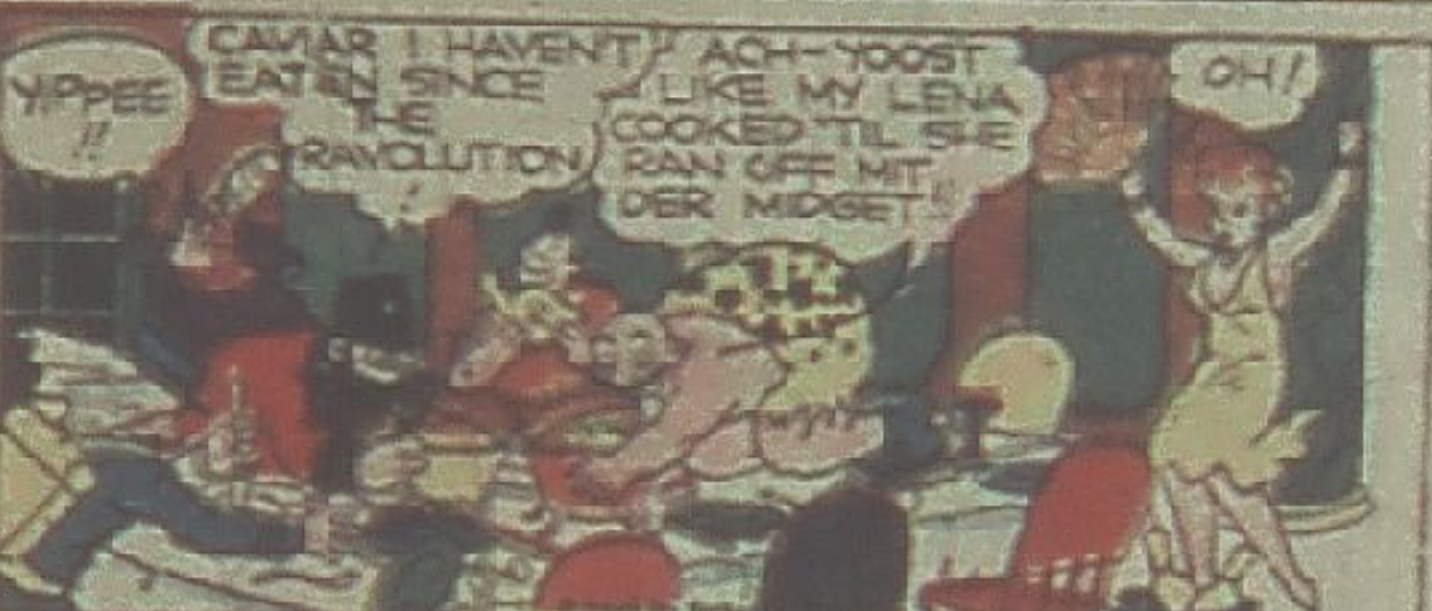
CERTAINLY BUTLER-- THOSE BIG NAMES WILL BE THRILLING!!



LARRY THE LUG!!



ADOLPH SCHNITZEL-- DUNK-- BORIS FLOPOVITCH-- MORRIS LA MORON-- MAGGIE DIS-RAG-- BRONKO BILL DIMWIT--

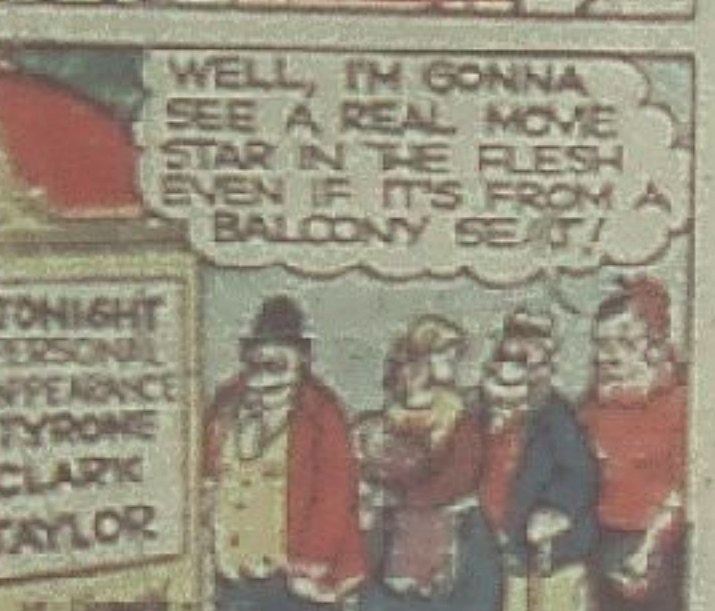


YIPPEE!!

CAVIAR I HAVEN'T EATEN SINCE THE REVOLUTION!

ACH-- YOOST I LIKE MY LENA COOKED TIL SHE RAN OFF WIT DER MIDGET!

OH!



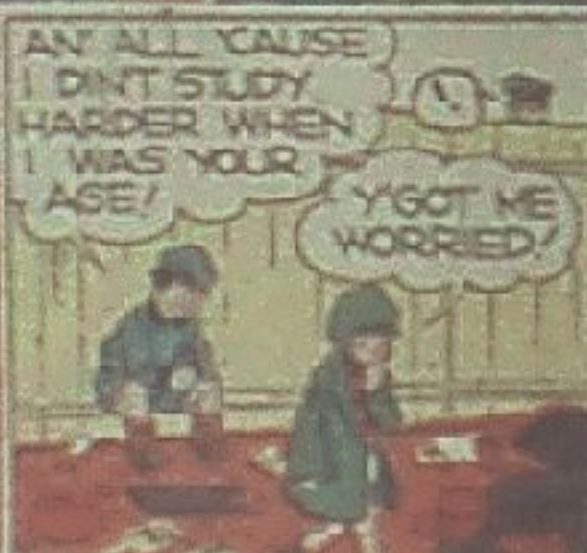
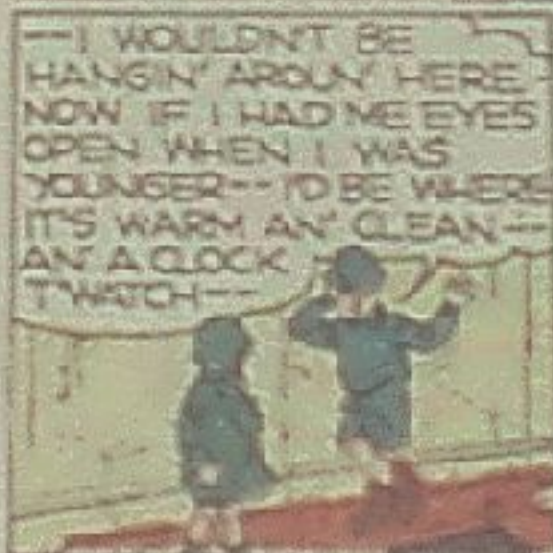
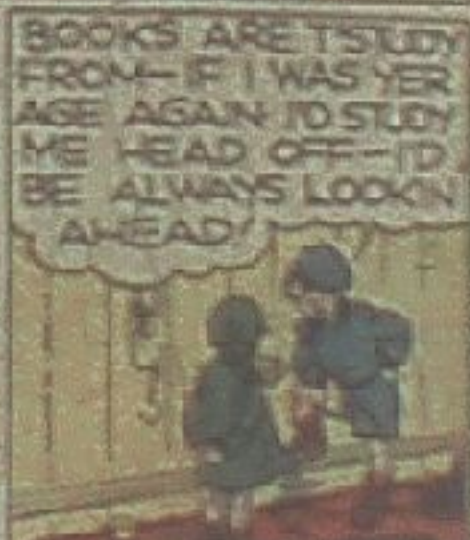
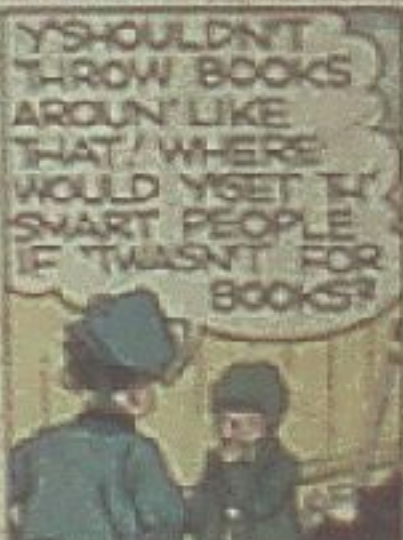
WELL, I'M GONNA SEE A REAL MOVIE STAR IN THE FLESH EVEN IF IT'S FROM A BALCONY SEAT!

TONIGHT PERSONAL APPEARANCE TYRONE CLARK TAYLOR

More of Lala Palooza and Vincent in the October issue--on sale August 31st.

TODDY

by
GEORGE MARCOUX



TODDY

BY
GEORGE MARCOUX



Flossie

by
AL ZERE



More Adventures of Toddy and Flossie in the October Issue—on sale August 31st.

OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.



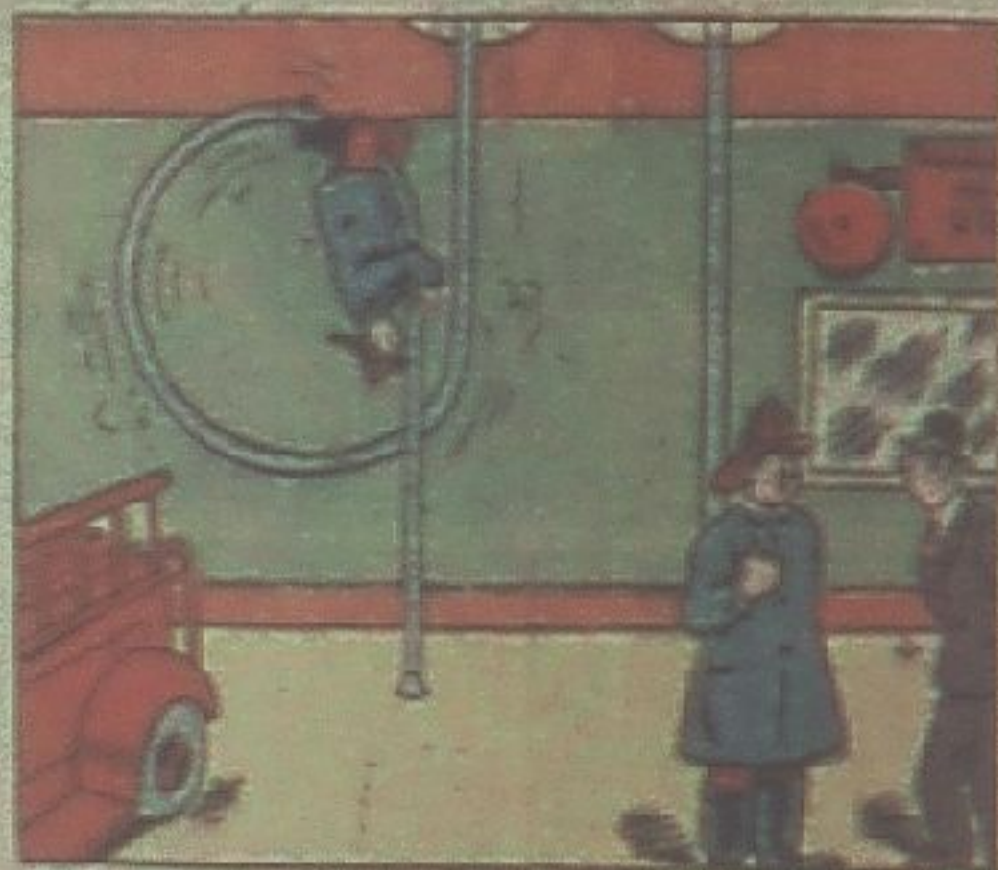
"WAKE UP! IT'S TIME FOR YOUR SLEEPING MEDICINE!"



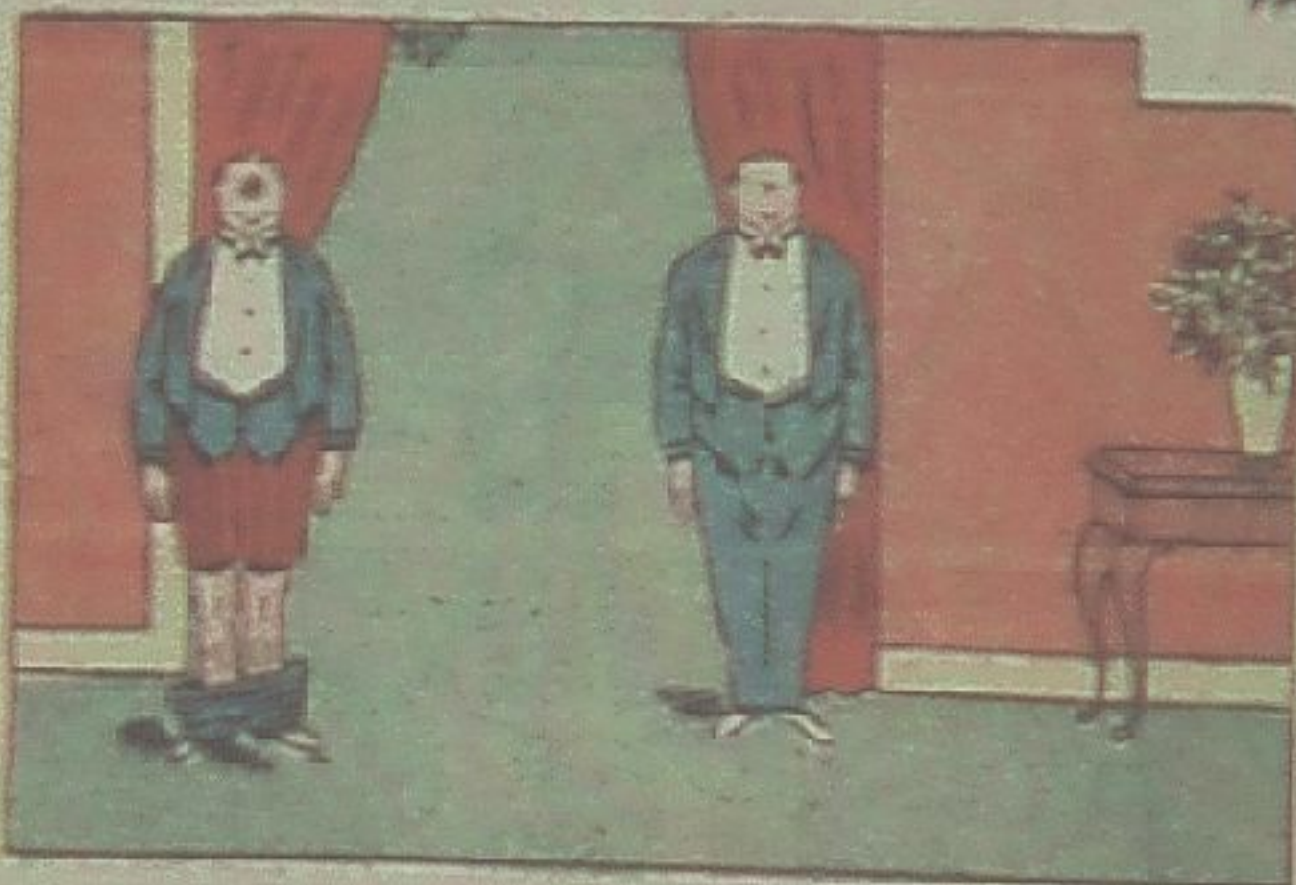
"HI, TOOTS!"



"BUT DEAR, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE TEACHING MOTHER HOW TO SWIM?"



"PATTON IS A FIEND FOR STUNTING!"



"DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING FALL, CHAUNCY?"



"A LITTLE LESS FOLLOW THROUGH, MR. ASHBY!"

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS

BY BERNARD BAILY



1. EVER SINCE CHILDHOOD, KATHERINE HEPBURN SHOWED A FLARE FOR DRAMATICS—SO IT WAS NO SURPRISE THAT, ALTHOUGH A YOUNG GIRL, SHE FORMED HER OWN STOCK COMPANY IN THE REAR OF HER PARENTS SUMMER HOME

Katherine Hepburn

AFTER GRADUATING FROM BRIN MAJOR, SHE APPLIED TO EDWIN KNOFF FOR A JOB IN HIS STOCK COMPANY AND WAS SUCCESSFUL. KNOFF OFFERED HER THE LEADING ROLE IN THE "BIG POND." SHE DISAGREED ON THE INTERPRETATION OF THE ROLE, SO SHE LEFT CAST!



SHE FINALLY SCORED A HIT IN THE LEADING ROLE IN "A WARRIOR'S RUSSIAN." OFFERS FROM THE MOVIE STUDIOS BROUGHT HER TO HOLLYWOOD. OVERNIGHT AFTER THE PREMIERE OF HER FIRST PICTURE SHE WAS AMONG THE LEADERS OF HOLLYWOOD



4. FOR HOBBIES SHE INDULGES IN TENNIS, SWIMMING AND GOLF. ONCE SHE WAS RUNNER-UP FOR THE CONNECTICUT WOMAN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP!



5. IN 1933, WITH ONLY 3 PICTURES TO HER CREDIT, SHE RECEIVED THE ACADEMY AWARD FOR THE MOST OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE OF THE YEAR. ONE OF HER FAVORITE ROLES WAS THAT OF MARY STUART. SHE TREASURES HER OWN CLOTHES AND HAS A WEAKNESS FOR BIZZARE HATS. HER PETS ARE A GIBBON MONKEY AND TWO DOGS

CLIP CHANCE AT CLIFFSIDE

BY
SCOTT
SHERIDAN

CLIP IS SPENDING A
WEEK-END WITH HIS PAL
BOB HOYT, BEFORE GOING
BACK TO COLLEGE.

GOSH, BOB, - I
THOUGHT MY HOME
TOWN WAS QUIET,
BUT THIS PLACE
TAKES THE
CAKE --

DON'T CRAB, CLIP,
THE REST'LL DO YOU
GOOD, - YOU KNOW
YOUR FOOTBALL
TRAINING STARTS
NEXT MONTH -



SAY, OUR TEAM
IS PLAYING THE
HAWKS FROM
THE NEXT TOWN
THIS AFTERNOON.
GOING TO COME
DOWN AND
WATCH US?

SURE, HOW ABOUT
TAKING A WALK
BEFORE
LUNCH -



WHAT KIND
OF A TEAM
HAVE YOU GOT?

PRETTY GOOD, CON-
SIDERING WE'VE ONLY
TEN MEN ON THE SQUAD.
HERE'S OUR
CAPTAIN,
NOW -



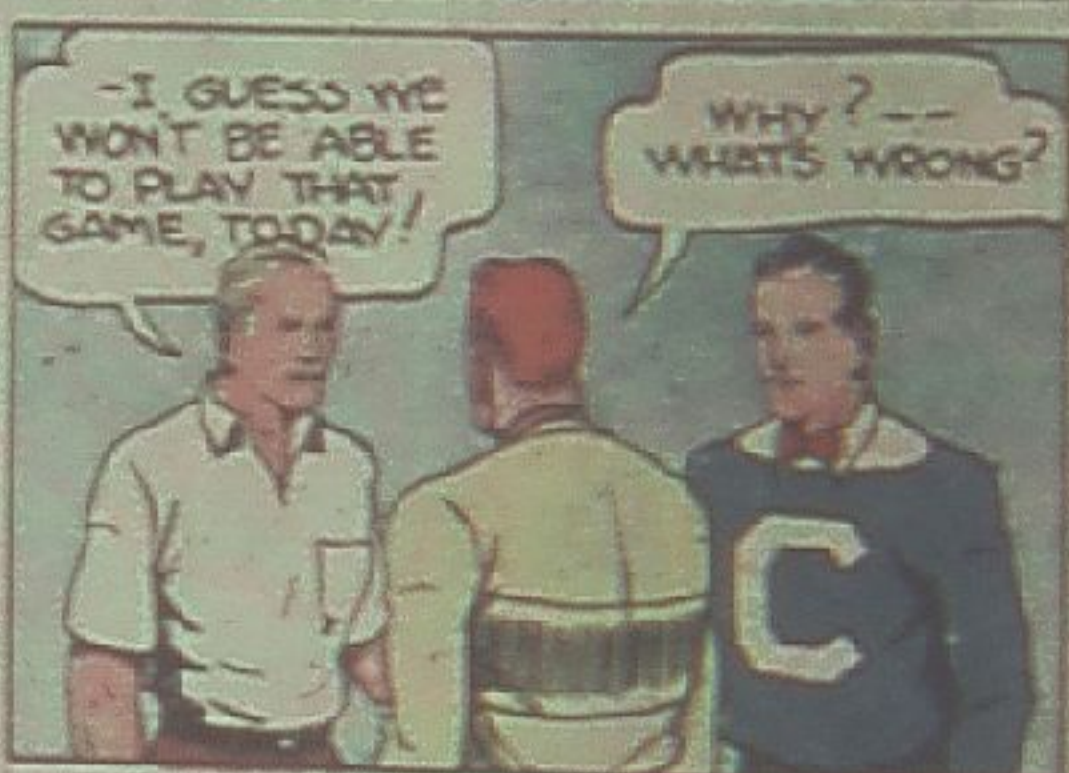
HELLO, BILL, MEET MY
FRIEND, CLIP CHANCE, -
THIS IS BILL WEBB!

HELLO, BOB,
GLAD TO KNOW
YOU, CLIP -



-I GUESS WE
WON'T BE ABLE
TO PLAY THAT
GAME, TODAY!

WHY? --
WHAT'S WRONG?



-ZEKE HAD TO DRIVE A LOAD OF SPUDS
INTO MARKET AND HE WON'T BE BACK IN
TIME AND TONY SAYS HE'D
RATHER NOT PLAY ON
THAT WEAK ANKLE OF
HIS -

THAT'S
BAD-SAY-

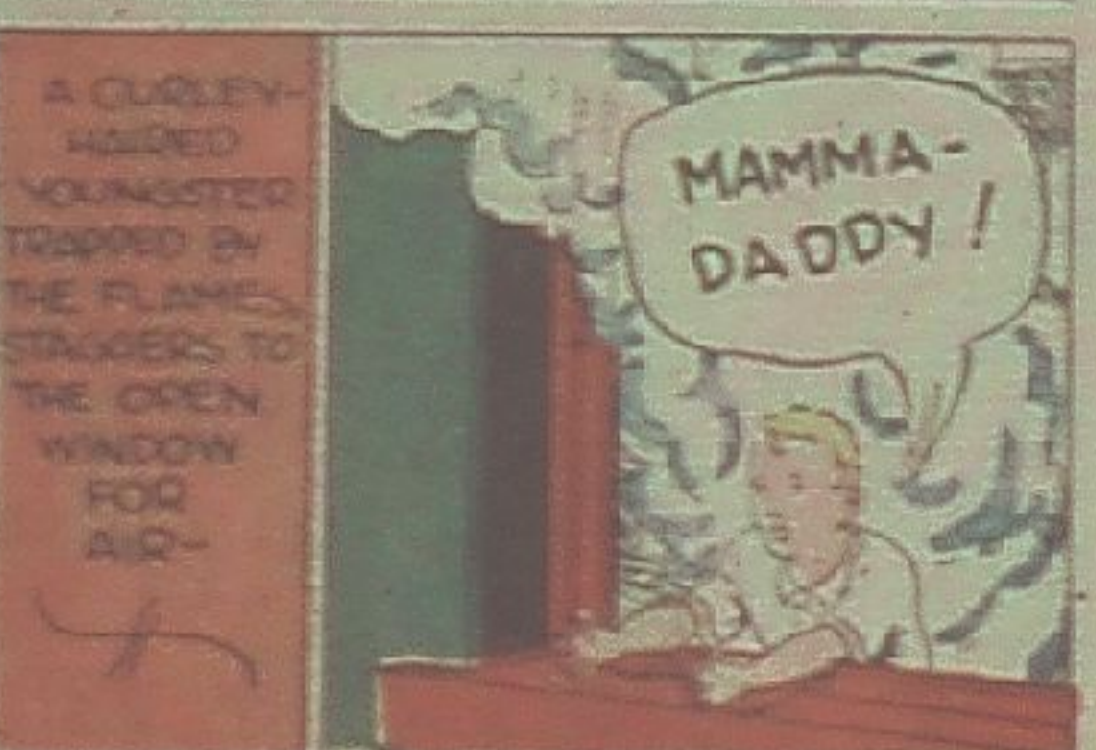


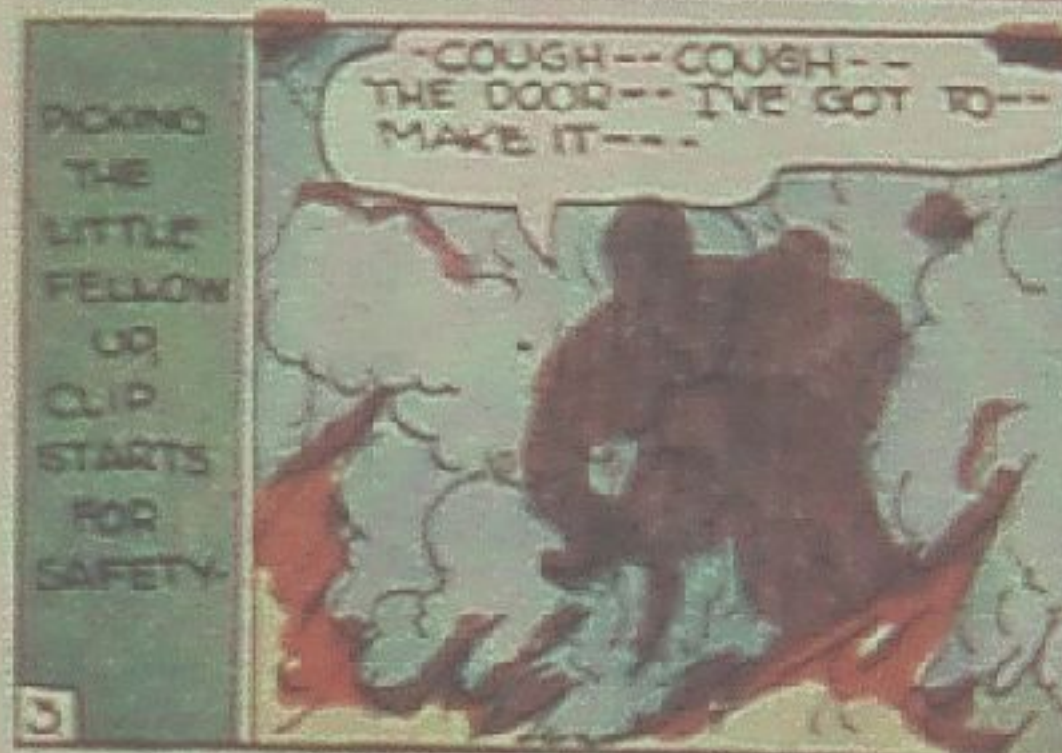
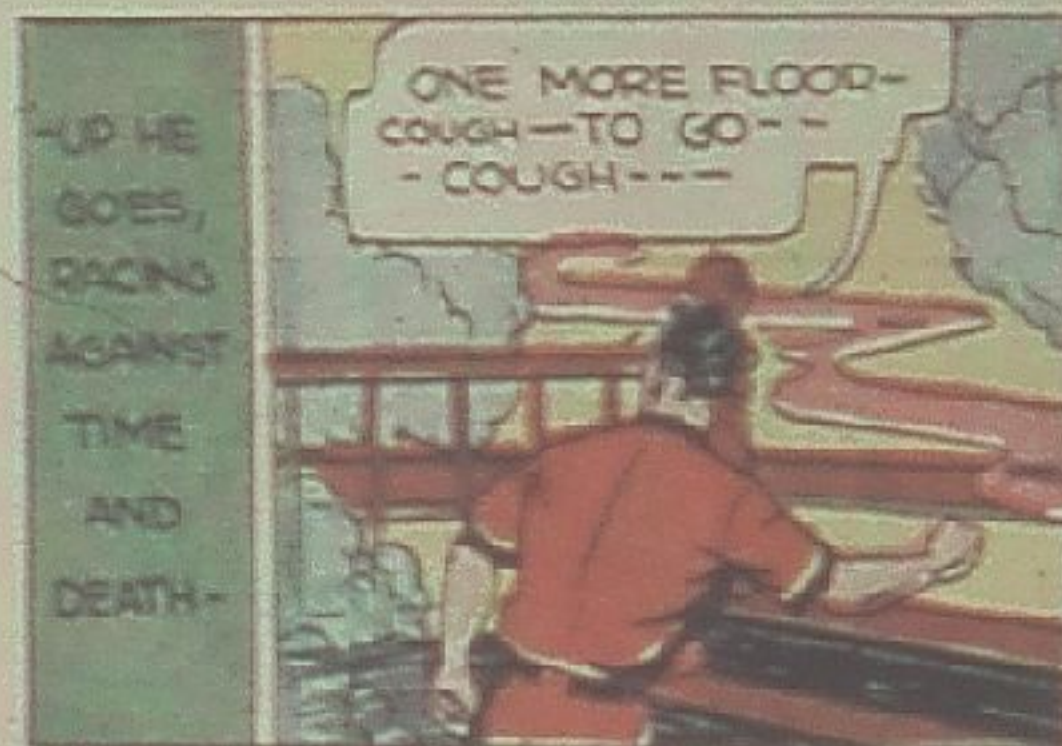
-CLIP'S A GOOD OUF-
FIELDER, MAYBE
HE'D TAKE ZEKE'S
PLACE, WOULD
YOU?

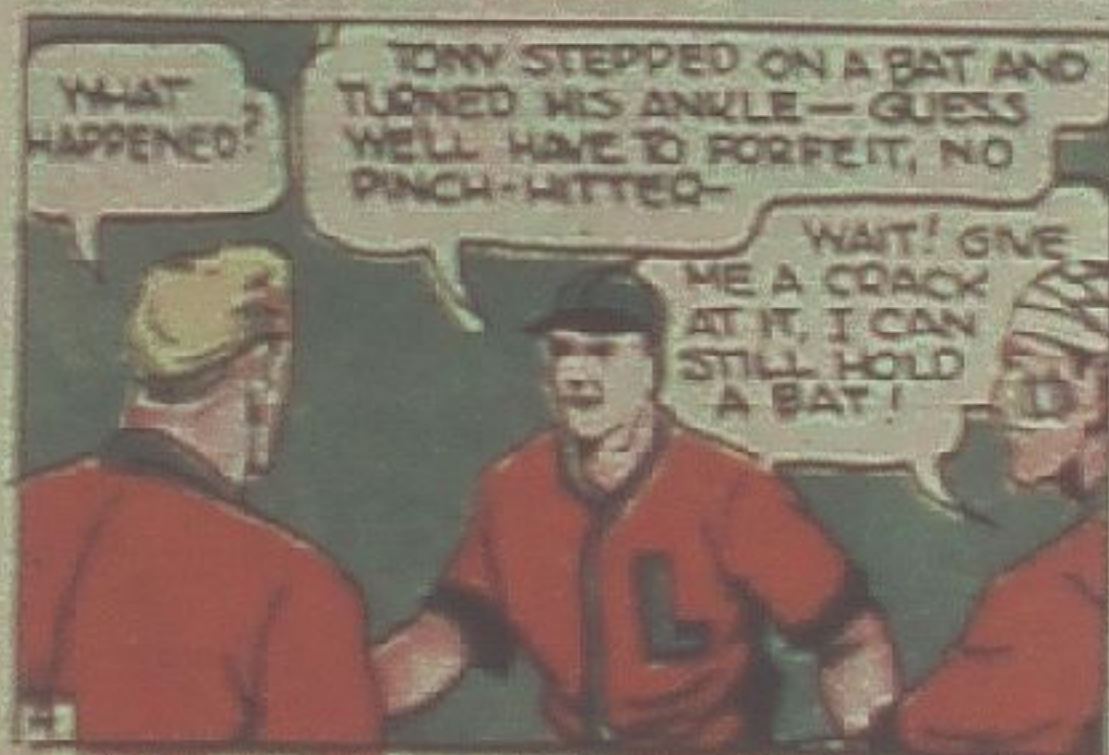
SURE!

GREAT, THEN
I'LL SEE YOU
FELLOWS
AT THE
FIELD -





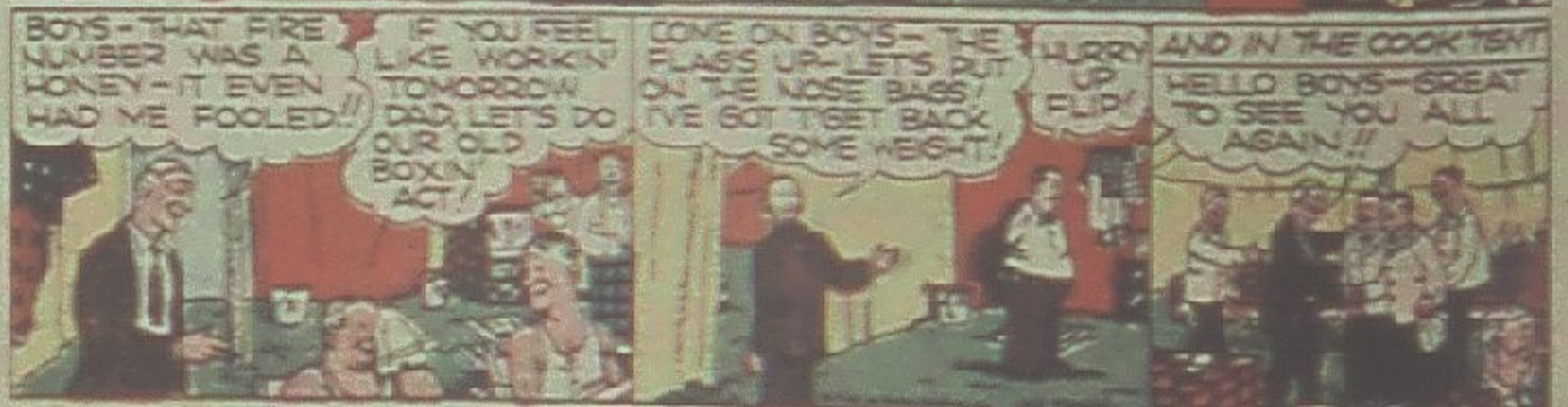




Start the football season with Clip Chance in the October issue -- on sale August 31st.

BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN



BIG TOP By ED WHEELAN

AND AS DAD STERLING
STEPS INTO THE SIDE
SHOW TENT—

HOWDY
BOYS AND
GIRLS!

BLESS HIS
HEART—IT'S
DAD!

PY GOLLY—DAD LOOKS
FITTER DAN A FIDDLE-YA!!

GEE—THIS
IS A
TREAT
FOLKS!

THEN DAD RUNS INTO MAX FOX,
THE LEGAL ADJUSTER OUTSIDE—

HOW'S
THE
OLD
"FIXER"
MAX?

PLENTY OF
TROUBLE AS
USUAL DAD!
WE GOT TO
SHOW HERE
AN EXTRA
DAY—FLOODS
AT RIVER-
SITE!

JEFF BANGS COMES ALONG

HOW'D
YOU
MAKE
OUT
MAX?

OKAY BOSS—
CITY HALL'S
FRIENDLY TO US
AND THE MAYOR
SAYS WE HAVE
A NICE
SHOW!

I FIGURE WE
SHOULD HAVE A
BIG DAY HERE
TOMORROW—AND
WE'LL START
OUR PARADE
EARLY!!

THAT NIGHT SILK FOWLER
REPEATED HIS MATINEE
ANNOUNCEMENT—

AND WE WILL GIVE
TWO MORE SHOWS
IN THIS CITY TO-
MORROW

I ALSO WISH
TO STATE THAT
SEVERAL NEW
FEATURES WILL
BE ADDED TO
OUR PROGRAM!
THANK YOU!

NEXT DAY AS THE PARADE WAS LEAVING

GEE
CHIEF—
THERE
GOES
THE
SUN!

SAY-Y-Y!!
I THINK I
FELT SOME
RAIN!

A FEW MINUTES
LATER—

SILK—CALL OFF
THE PARADE—
GET THE WARD-
ROBE IN!!

OK JEFF—BUT
WE'D PROBABLY
BETTER
SEND THE
CALLOPE RIGHT
UPTOWN SO THAT
THEY'LL KNOW
WE'RE
HERE

SPEED—FIND THE
BOSS CANNASMAN
AND TELL HIM
TO "GUY OUT" THE
BIG TOP—LOOKS
LIKE IT'LL BLOW
UP TOO!

SPEED HUNTS UP THE BOSS CANNASMAN
DE BIG BOSS
WANTS YO' TO
GUY OUT 'D BIG
TOP!

WE'RE DOIN'
IT, DUMMY

AN' NOBODY HASTA
TELL ME MY JOB!
TELL THE BOSS I
KNOW MORE ABOUT
STORMS THAN HELL
EVER KNOW!!

AN' NOW
SCRAM!!

Y-YAS
SUH!

LATER THE BOSS CANNASMAN CALLS
ON JEFF BANGS—

BIG TOP'S OKAY
CHIEF—BUT IT'S
GONNA RAIN ALL
DAY!

WELL—WE'RE
GOING ON
WITH THE
FIRST
SHOW
ANYWAY!!

WHAT ROTTEN
LUCK "BLINK"—
JUST WHEN WE
THOUGHT WE'D
HAVE A GOOD
DAY—

WE'LL HAVE
TO STRAW
THE MIDWAY
JUST BEFORE
THE DOORS
OPEN!

GUESS
YOU'RE
RIGHT
"BLINK"

AND PUT
PLENTY AT
THE BACK
TENT
ENTRANCE!!

CONTINUED

THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About the Greatest Golf Performance in History

Burning up the historic course at St. Andrews, Scotland, in May, 1930, the great Robert Tyre Jones sweeps Roger Wethered of England off his feet to win the final, 7 up and 6 to go.



The next month in the British open at Hoylake, Jones' unbelievable shots total 70-73-74-75 for a 291 as his sensational march continues.

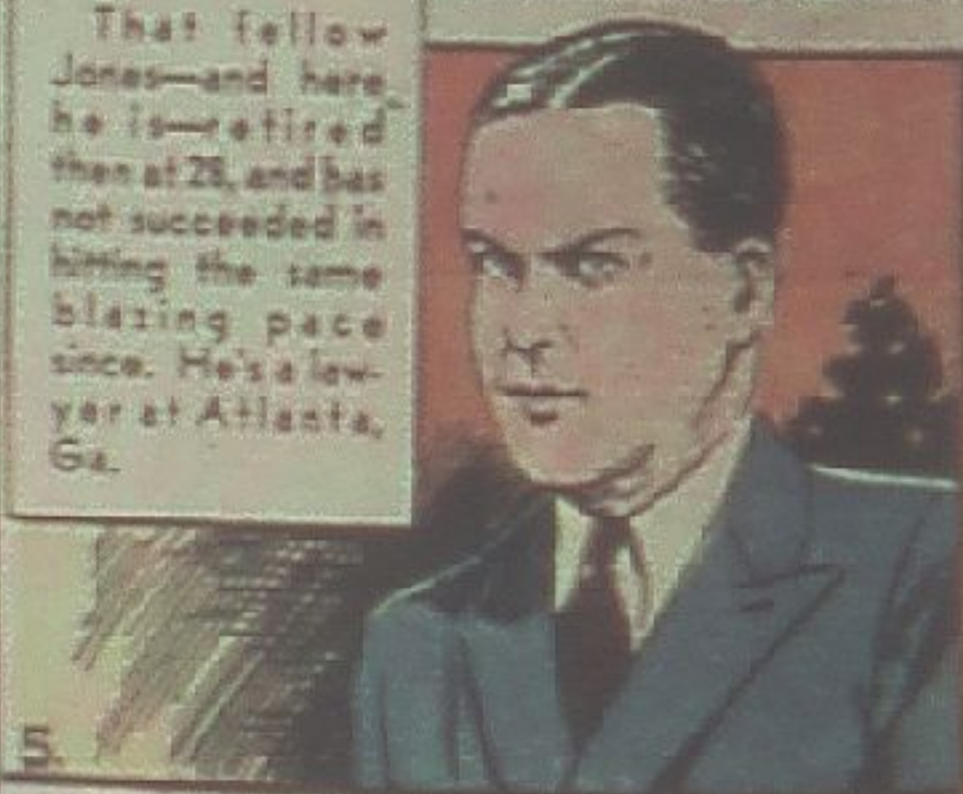


In July, the following month, in the United States open tournament at Interlachen, Minneapolis, Minn., the astounding Georgian has a total of only 287 for four rounds, conquering an army of the greatest golfers in the land.

That fellow Jones—and here, he is—retired then at 28, and has not succeeded in hitting the same blazing pace since. He's a lawyer at Atlanta, Ga.



Then, in September, he climaxes the greatest solo performances in sports history by shooting miraculous golf in the United State amateur tourney at Merion, Pa., winning the final from Gene Homers, 8 and 7.



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

THE "ELL" FAMILY-

ETELL, MOZELL, BARNELL,
BARNELL ESTELL, MAYBELL,
HILLBELL AND HATTIBELL
ARE THE CHILDREN OF BARNELL JACOBS,
Charlotte, N.C.

THE FIRST ALL-STEEL
ICE SKATES COST
\$30 A PAIR...

(Made by
E. Bushnell,
Phila., 1850)



THE DREAM IS SO STRANGE THAT THE RINGING
OF CHURCH BELLS NEAR RIVERS WAS ONCE
AVOIDED DURING FISHING SEASON
IN SWEDEN FOR FEAR OF
FRIGHTENING THE FISH AWAY

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
SPENT HIS TIME KNOTTING
STOCKINGS WHEN TRAVELING
FROM PHILADELPHIA
TO NEW YORK



BAMBOO

THE STAFF OF LIFE!

THE BAMBOO PLANT, A GRASS,
IS USED FOR MAKING RAINCOATS,
BEER, FISHING POLES, CANDLE WICKS,
CANDY, SPOONS, UMBRELLAS,
WATER PIPES, SWORDS, PICKLES,
BIRD CAGES, BOWS AND ARROWS,
ROPE, FLUTES, BLOW GUNS, KITES,
HOUSES, PHONOGRAPH NEEDLES,
FANS, CANES, KITES, BOTTLES, PENS,
BROOMS AND HUNDREDS OF

OTHER DEVICES, FOODS
AND IMPLEMENTS!



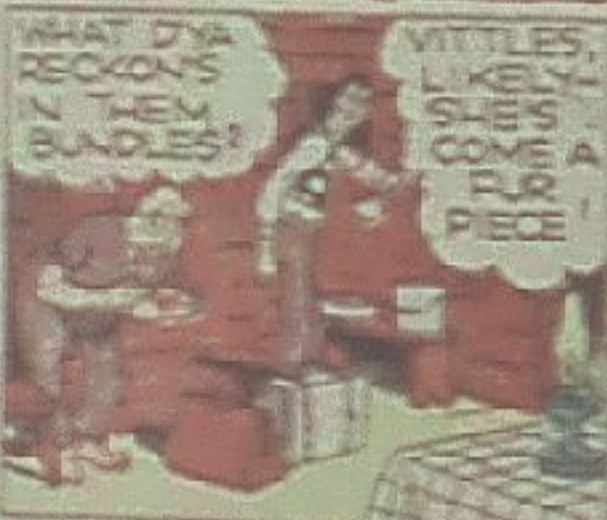
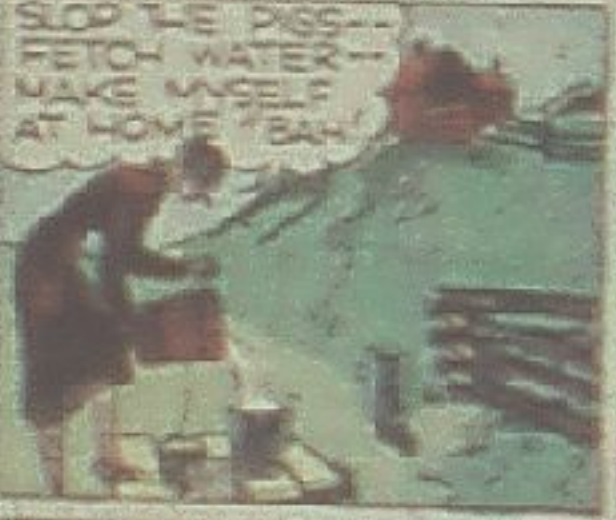
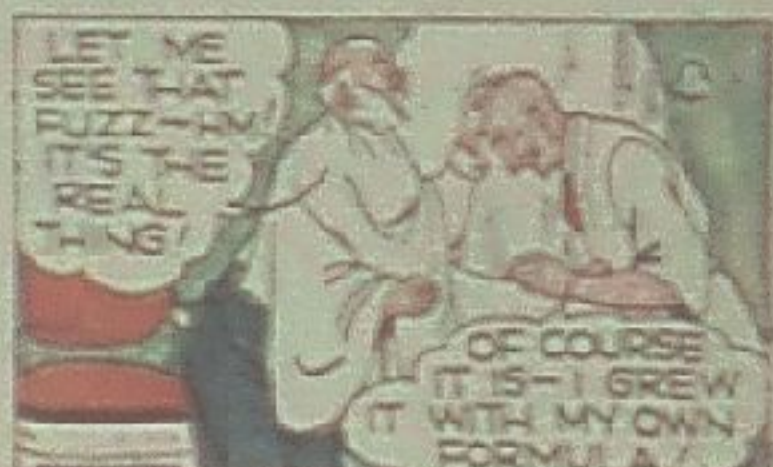
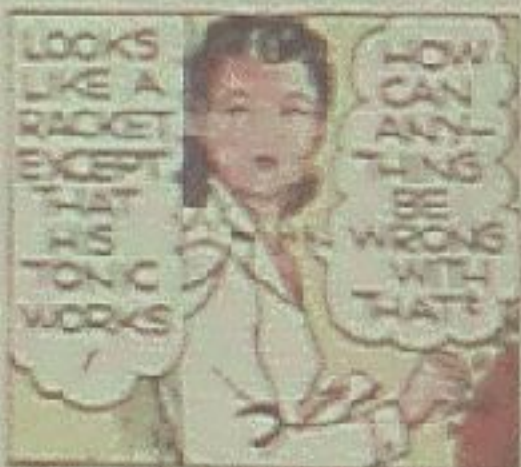
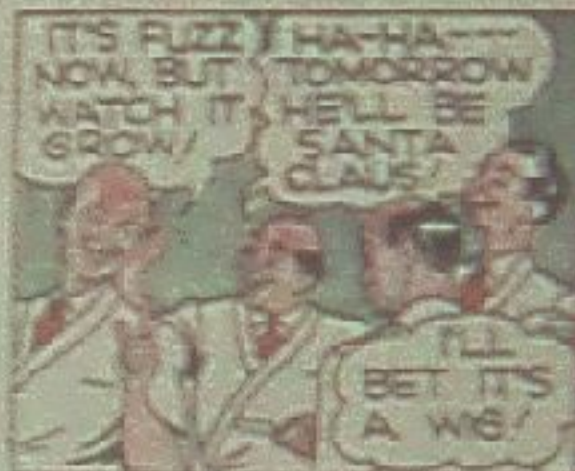
THERE ARE 64 STREETS,
SQUARES, ROADS, ETC.,
IN LONDON NAMED
ALBERT IN HONOR OF
QUEEN VICTORIA'S
HUSBAND.



JANE ARDEN

by Helen Barker and Kenneth A. Rice

JANE IS
CASHIER
IN A
BARBER
SHOP AND
WATCHING
HARRY
HARMON
EXONVICT



JANE ARDEN

by Marie Morris and Richard S. Ross

JANE CONTINUES TO WATCH HARRY HARMON. HIS HAIR GROWS STEADILY AND IT'S VERY MYSTERIOUS.

I'LL BE YOUR HAIR CURLY TOO!

IT'S ALL MY TONIC MR. ROCKBILT!

YOU MEAN YOU CAN GROW CURLS??

TWO WEEKS AGO I WAS BALD—REMEMBER?

LOOK AT THIS PICTURE!

YOU NEED A PARTNER SON—ONE WHO KNOWS BUSINESS.

THIS SHOULD BE PUT ON THE MARKET—I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU.

I THOUGHT OF THAT MR. ROCKBILT—I'LL SELL A HALF INTEREST FOR \$100,000.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS?

YES—THERE'S A FORTUNE IN IT!

LISTENING TO THIS I'M NOT JUST SURE WHICH IS THE RACKETEER!

INSPECTOR—WE MUST FIND OUT! KNOW JUST THE WAY!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO FIND IN HIS ROOM—THE FORMULA?

A BOTTLE I'VE WATCHED HIM USE IT AT THE BARBER SHOP!

BUT YOU SAY HE DOESN'T USE IT THERE ANY MORE?

NO—HE'S AFRAID IT WOULD BE ANALYZED!

AND THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO—HERE IT IS!!

LENA DRY

I THOUGHT YOU FOLKS WOULD PROBABLY NOT LIKE ME BECAUSE UNCLE LEN LEFT ME HIS FARM!

WE DIDN'T WANT THAT FARM!

WE AIN'T FRAID A NOTHIN'—BUT WHEN IT COMES TO BANSHEES!

BANSHEES? WHAT'RE THEY?

YOU FURRINERS DON'T KNOW MUCH!

SAY—EVEN FURRINERS MUST SPY IN ON HAUNTY NIGHTS—BANSHEES GO EVERYWHERE!

SAKES ALIVE—DO YOU MEAN GHOSTS?

HAW—HAW—GOATS? THEY'RE SOMETHIN' LIKE SHEEP!

BANSHEES ARE FULL GROWNED WANTS LENA!

YIARS YER FARM—WE BETTER SKITTER BACK NOW!

IT GETS AN'F'IL CREEPY 'ROUND HERE!

OH—I'M NOT A BIT AFRAID!

WHEW!



JANE ARDEN

JANE HAS HAD HARRY HARMON'S HAIR TONIC ANALYZED AFTER THE EX-CONVICT GREW A NEW HEAD OF HAIR

I'VE ANALYZED HIS MISS-IT'S HAIR REMOVER!!

YOU'RE NOT MISTAKEN

NO-WATCH IT TAKE THE HAIR OFF MY HAT

IT IS HAIR-REMOVER

HMM-HE WAS BALD-NOW HE GROWS HAIR-HE USED THAT

WENT AT THE BARBER SHOP-

MY TONIC STILL WORKS MR. ROCK-BILT-SEE MY HAIR NOW!

I'VE THOUGHT IT OVER HARRY-I'LL GIVE YOU \$50,000 FOR A HALF INTEREST IN THE TONIC!

MY PRICE IS \$100,000-HERE'S A FOR-LINE IN IT

I'LL MAKE IT \$90,000 FOR ALL OF IT

YOU'VE BOUGHT A FORTUNE MR. ROCK-BILT-GIVE ME THE CHECK

WELL MAYBE-IF IT GROWS CURLS!

QUICK-GET THE CHECK INSPECTOR-IT'S THE EVIDENCE OF A SWINDLE

SWINDLER! I GREW HAIR, DIDN'T I!

YES-BUT YOUR DOPE DIDN'T DO IT! FIRST IT REMOVED THE HAIR-

AND YOU USED THIS HAIR REMOVER TO STAY BALD-WHEN YOU STOPPED YOUR HAIR GREW

WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON YOU HARRY!

LENA PRY

I'M GLAD TO HAVE YOU-IT'S LONELY HERE!

HOWDY! MIND IF I SET WITH YA A WHILE? I'VE GOT FUR!

YA 'PEAR MEITY LAZY ASETTIN' HAWK

YEST YE GOT CHORES TOO

IT'S MY FARM-I'LL SIT WHERE I WANT TO

YORE FARM! WHERE'S YORE MEN-FOLK?

THEY'RE IN THE CITY

TAINT N'ATURAL BEN A HEN-HUSSY HERMIT-GUESS AH SHOULD TRY DO SOMETHING OF IT

WHAT?

AM I THINKIN' YED HAVE A PERT WIFE--AN YORE FARM ANT BAD?

GO ON ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS MISTER

SKEEDADDLE NOW! NEVER WAS SO MORTIFIED IN ALL MY LIFE! GO ON I SAY!

GET ME SOME HOT VITTLES WHILE ALL MAKE SURE THIS FARM IS WUTH WILE!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

JANE ARDEN

By Walter Dill Scott and Richard C. Ross

THE CROOKS
DON'T KNOW
JANE. IF
SHE HELPS
I'LL BUST
UP THESE
RACKETEERS!

GO ON JANE—
WE WANT TO
DRIVE 'EM
OUT!

I'LL
TRY!

THAT'S SAM
SALES—HIS PAIR'S
A FORTUNE TELLER
NAMED AL
HAMED!

I'LL
GET MY
FORTUNE
TOLD AND
SEE WHAT
HAPPENS!

DON'T SAY A TOMORROW
YOUR NAME—YAT TEN
ALL ADOPT—YAT TEN
MENTS ARE MADE
BY NUMBER

HE DON'T
TAKE OUR
NAMES—
IF HE
TELLS US
ANYTHING
HE'S REAL
GAY!

QUICK—
IF EITHER
OF THEM
HAVE A
CAR GET
THE NUMBER!

HMM—
TAKING
THE NUM-
BER OF
HER CAR!

HERE'S THE
OLD LADY'S
CAR
NUMBER!

I'LL LOOK
HER UP/WE'LL
KNOW HER—
ANYHOW!

LET'S LOOK
UP THIS
LICENSE
NUMBER
INSPECTOR!

OKAY—
LET'S GO!

THE CAR IS
ANNA PURSLEY'S
SHE'S A PROMINENT
WIDOW

A RICH
WIDOW
EH? SO
THAT'S
IT!

THE
INSPECTOR
IS RIGHT—
JUST OUR
TYPE—A
RICH WIDOW—
THERE'S
HER
PICTURE
AND LIFE
STORY!

WE'LL
TAKE
HER
RIGHT!

CONTINUED

HOLD ON—
I AIN'T MADE
UP MY MIND
YET—GOTTA
GIT A
BETTER
LOOK AT
YORE FARM
THE IDEA
PLANTING
ME FOR
MY FARM

FOLKS USUALLY
TALK ABOUT
LOVE AND
THINGS
WHEN
THEY'RE
COURT-
ING!

WELL—I
RECKON
WINNIN
SET
GREAT
STORE BY
THEY SOAPY
TALK

BUT AH
DOAN'T
HAVE TO
GO
TRUCK
WITH THE
YORE
MUSCLES
THEY
TER
MOODIN!

I'VE HAD
ENOUGH
OF THIS!

YORE FACE
AIN'T WHAT
IT ONCE
WAS—BUT
PURTY
CHEEKS
DON'T
DO TH
CHORES

YOU
GIT
NOW!

YORE FIELDS
NEED PLOWIN'

YOU
MEAN
YOU'LL
PLOW
THEM
WITH
YOUR
MULE

IF THEY
DON'T JUST
KNOCK A
BODY
SILLY

PLOWIN'S AIN'
HUSSY'S WORK!
NOW—HITCH UP
TH MULE AN'
SCURRY 'FORE
I GIT SHOOK
UP!

JANE ARDEN'S HARDROBE



Jane Arden is continued in the October issue of **FEATURE FUNNIES**—on sale August 31st.

Exciting ADVENTURES

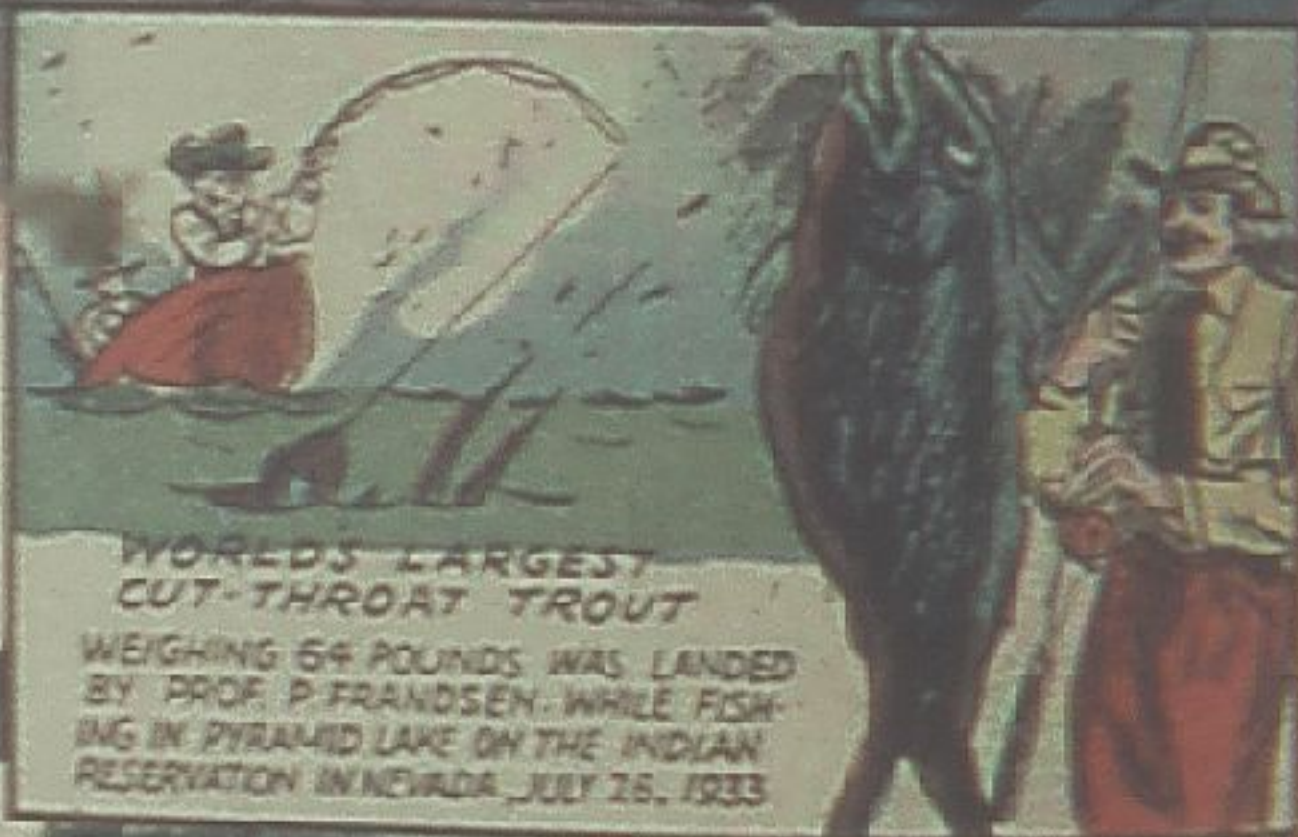
by TERRY



WALTER HINTON

**BLOWN BY
ARCTIC STORM OVER
HALF WAY TO NORTHPOLE,**

WALTER HINTON, NOTED AMERICAN FLYER AND TWO OTHER AIRMEN, IN A NAVY BALLOON ON ONE OF THE WILDEST JOURNEYS THROUGH THE AIR EVER KNOWN IN HISTORY, AFTER 25 HOURS LANDED IN THE BARREN HUDSON BAY REGION HALF-FROZEN AND LOST STRUGGLING AGAINST THE ELEMENTS FOR 31 DAYS, THE PARTY FINALLY REACHED CIVILIZATION AND SAFETY.



**WORLD'S LARGEST
CUT-THROAT TROUT**

WEIGHING 64 POUNDS WAS LANDED BY PROF. P. FRANDSEN WHILE FISHING IN PYRAMID LAKE ON THE INDIAN RESERVATION IN NEVADA, JULY 26, 1933



**CAPTURES CITY
SINGLE-HANDED!**

ENTERING MANAGUA, NICARAGUAN CAPITAL, ALONE DURING A REVOLUTION, TRACY RICHARDSON, YANKEE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, FACED FEDERAL OFFICERS AND AT THE POINT OF HIS REVOLVERS FORCED THEM TO SURRENDER IN ORDER TO SAVE THEIR CITY FROM BEING SACKED



A MAMMOUTH CHARITY BAZAAR HOLD-UP HAS NETTED THE THIEVES TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS. THE HOLD-UP WAS SO WELL PLANNED THAT THE POLICE HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO MAKE A SINGLE ARREST. THE FAMOUS CLOCK, READING THE CASE, DISCOVERS A MESSAGE IN A NEWSPAPER'S PERSONAL COLUMN---

-AND
WHAT
THE
CLOCK
SAW

PERSONAL

CLOCK. CALL ME AT DREYEL 7-4215--IT WILL BE TO YOUR ADVANTAGE--
CHARITABLE CHARLEY

MAN CALLED AT SIX
AND DREYEL 7-4215
WENT TO THE
MAN'S ROOM
AND FOUND HIM
ASLEEP--

-CHARITABLE CHARLEY, EH--THAT NAME TIES UP WITH THE ROBBERY, AND IT ALSO SMELLS LIKE A TRAP-- WELL, I'LL GIVE HIM A RING ANY-HOW!

AND
ON
THE
OTHER
SIDE
OF
THE
TOWN--

I'M TELLING YOU BIRDS IT'S NOT THE POLICE WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT, IT'S THE CLOCK. THAT FELLA HAS WAYS OF FINDING THINGS OUT---

-THAT'S WHY I PUT THAT AD IN THE PAPER, HOPING HE'D BITE--IF WE WANT TO GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE HIM--

FOR YOU, CHARLEY, I THINK IT'S HIM--

YES, THIS IS CHARITABLE CHARLEY-- SHUT UP, FELLA. I'LL DO THE TALKING-- IS IT WORTH A GRAND TO YOU TO FIND OUT WHO ROBBED THE CHARITY BAZAAR THE OTHER NIGHT? OKAY-- THEN MEET ME IN THE OLD SUGAR WAREHOUSE, PIER 23 AT ELEVEN, TONIGHT-- AND DON'T FORGET THE DOUGH----

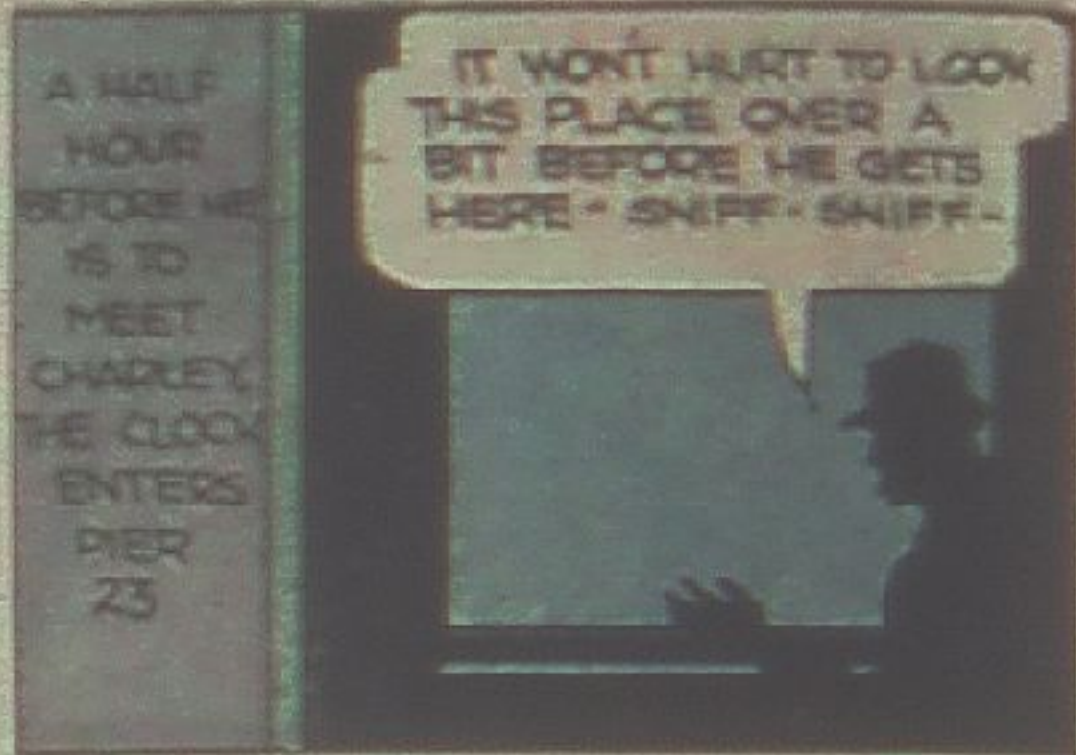
CAN'T WE GET IN ON THE PARTY, CHARLEY?

NIX, I CAN HANDLE THIS BABY ALONE. I'LL HAVE THE DROP ON HIM FROM THE TIME HE ENTERS THE BUILDING-- ONE OTHER THING--



-IS EVERYTHING READY SO I CAN GIVE HIM A WARM RECEPTION, CHUCK?

EVERYTHING'S JUST LIKE YOU SAID CHARLEY!



A HALF HOUR BEFORE HE IS TO MEET CHARLEY THE CLOCK ENTERS PIER 23

IT WON'T HURT TO LOOK THIS PLACE OVER A BIT BEFORE HE GETS HERE - SNIFF - SNIFF -



-THAT ODOR, -- GETS STRONGER AS I -- SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM IN THERE --



-I THOUGHT SO, KEROSENE AND WASTE -- LOOKS LIKE I WAS IN FOR A HOT TIME -- HE'S COMING NOW --

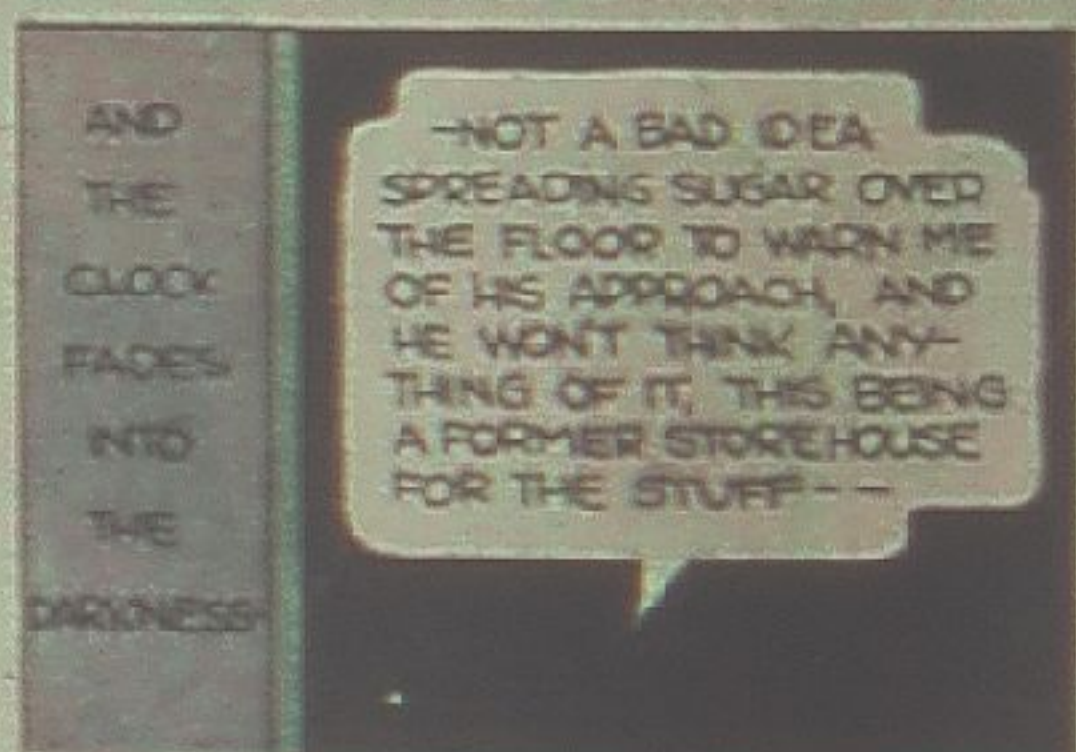


CRACK

SNAP

CRACKLE

CRUNCH



AND THE CLOCK FADES INTO THE DARKNESS

-NOT A BAD IDEA SPREADING SUGAR OVER THE FLOOR TO WARN ME OF HIS APPROACH, AND HE WON'T THINK ANYTHING OF IT, THIS BEING A FORMER STOREHOUSE FOR THE STUFF --



I'LL LET HIM THINK I JUST ARRIVED!

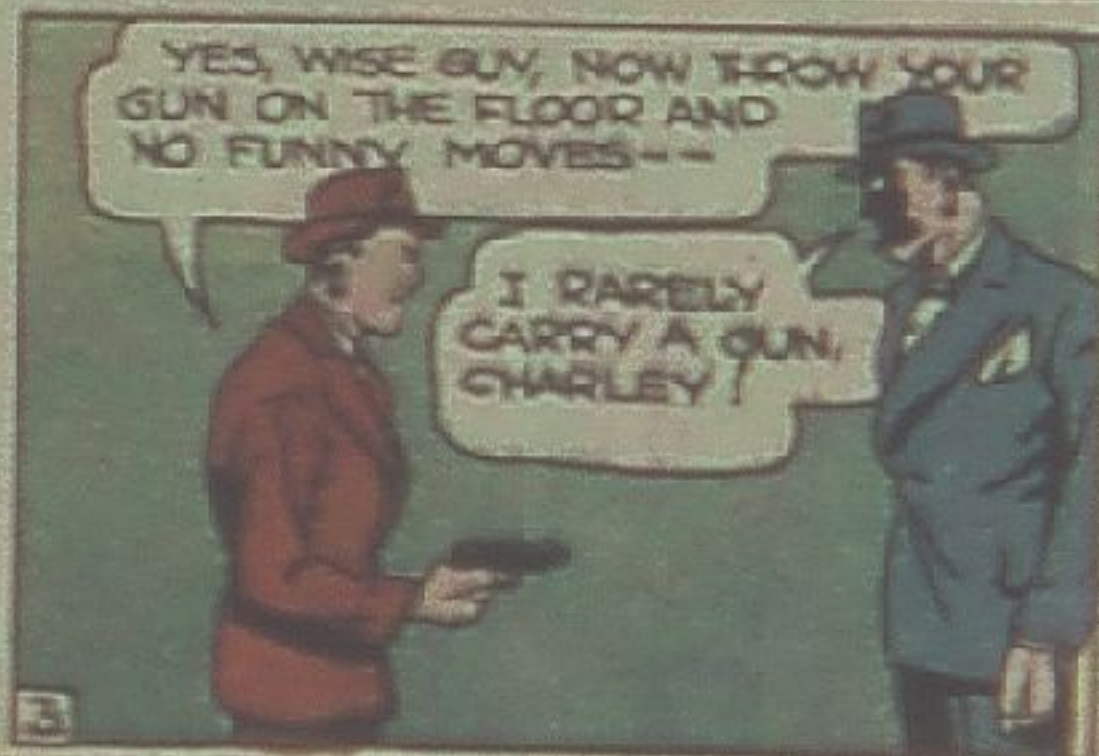
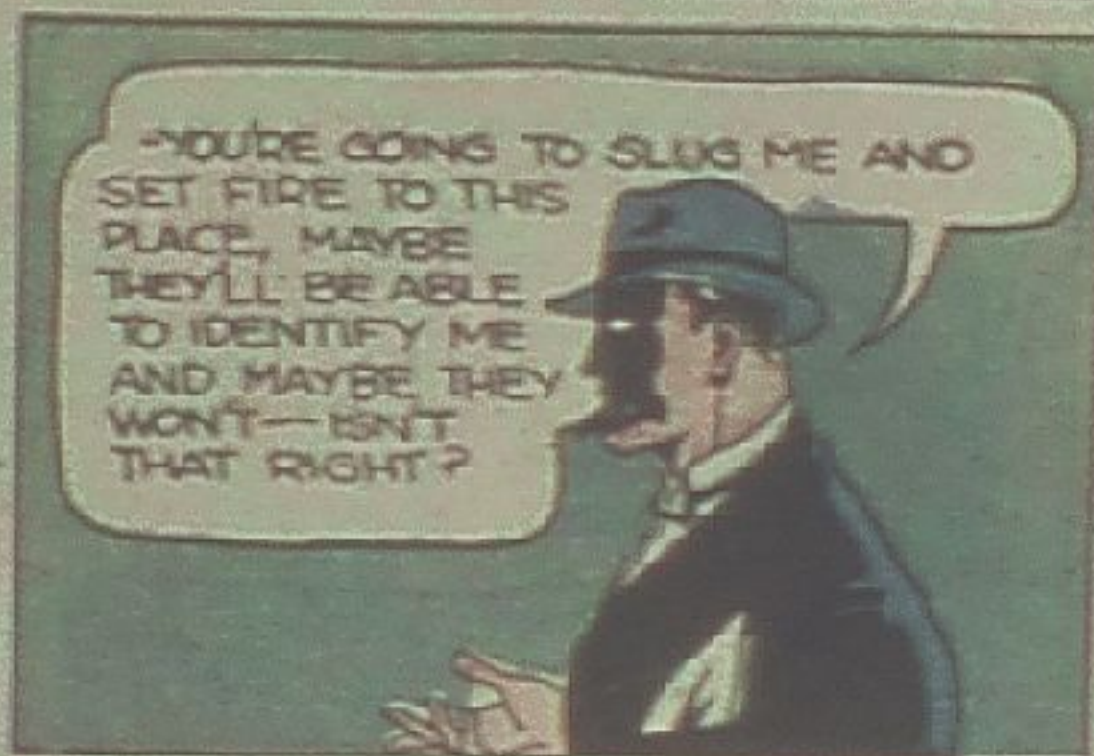
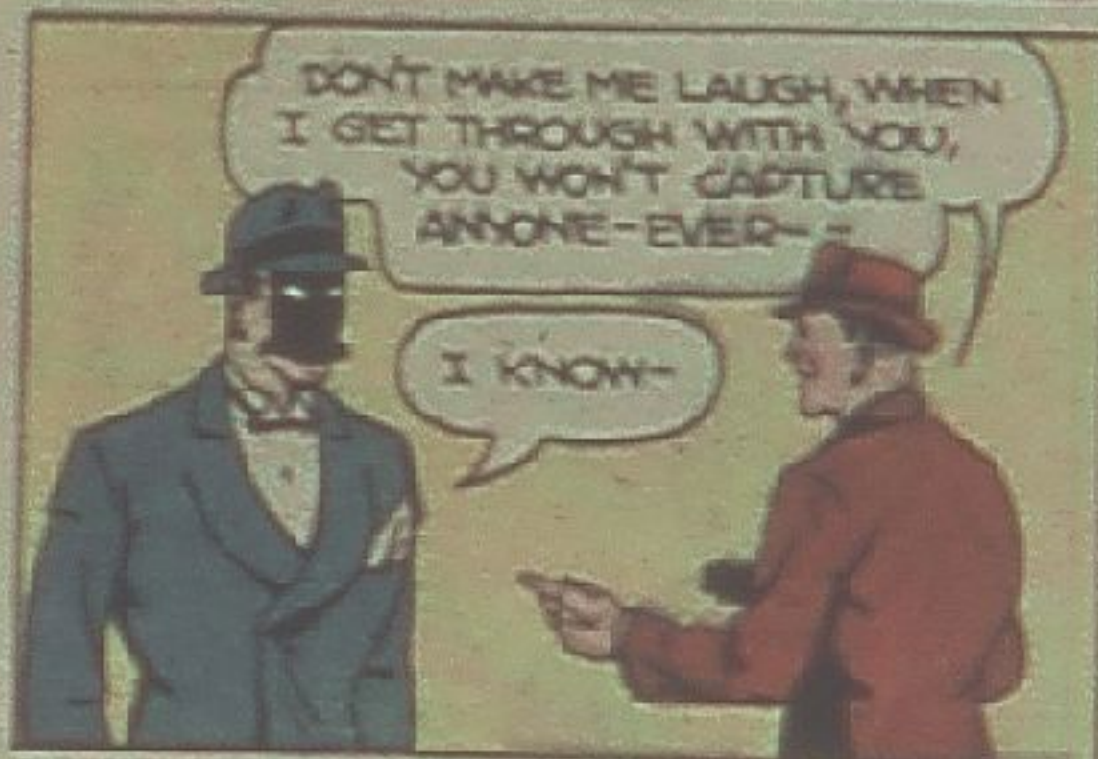
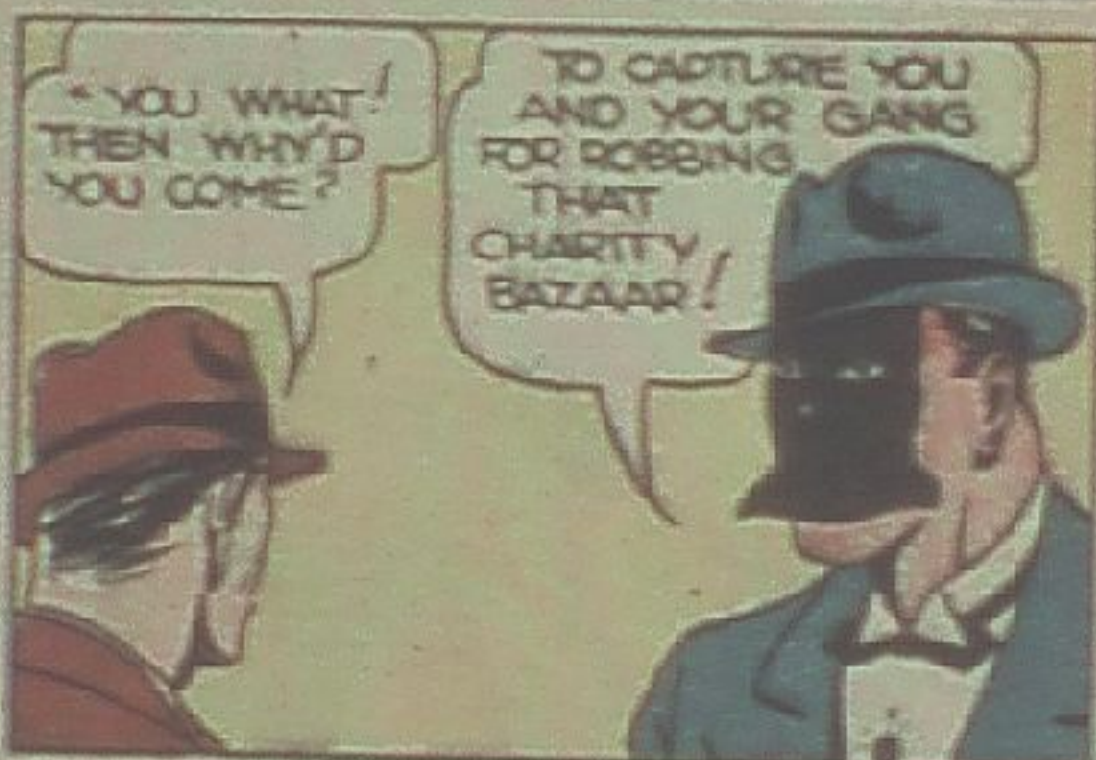
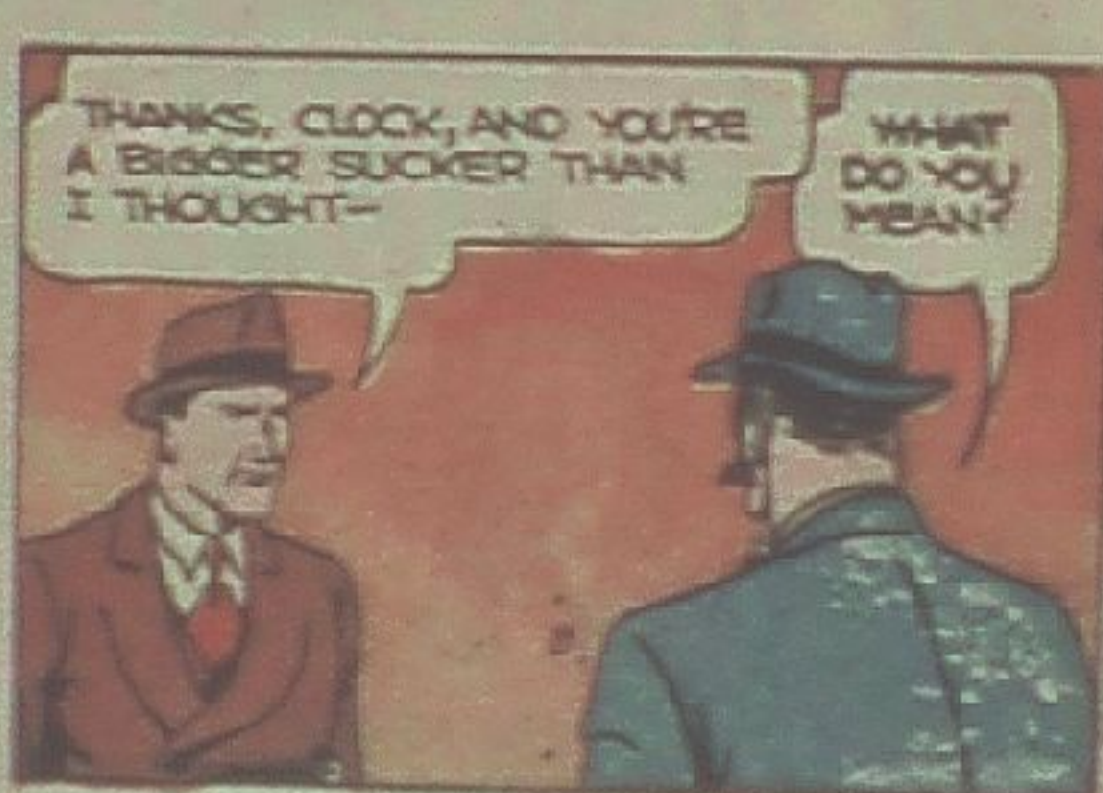
PSSST-CHARLEY!-ARE YOU HERE YET?

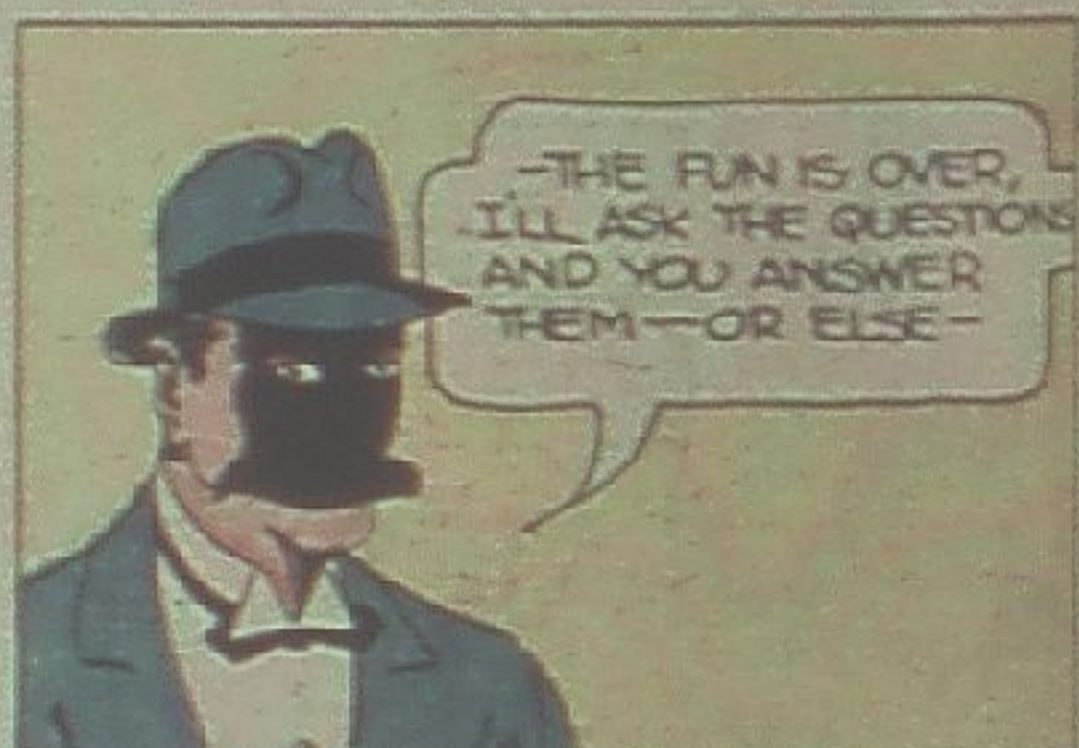
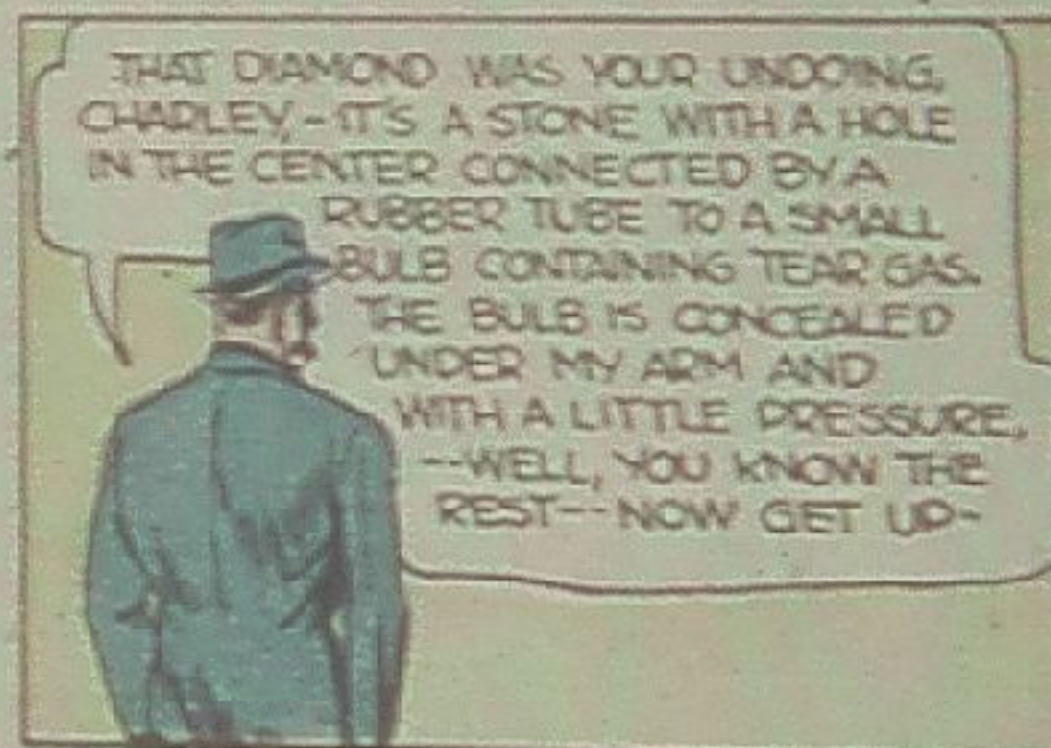
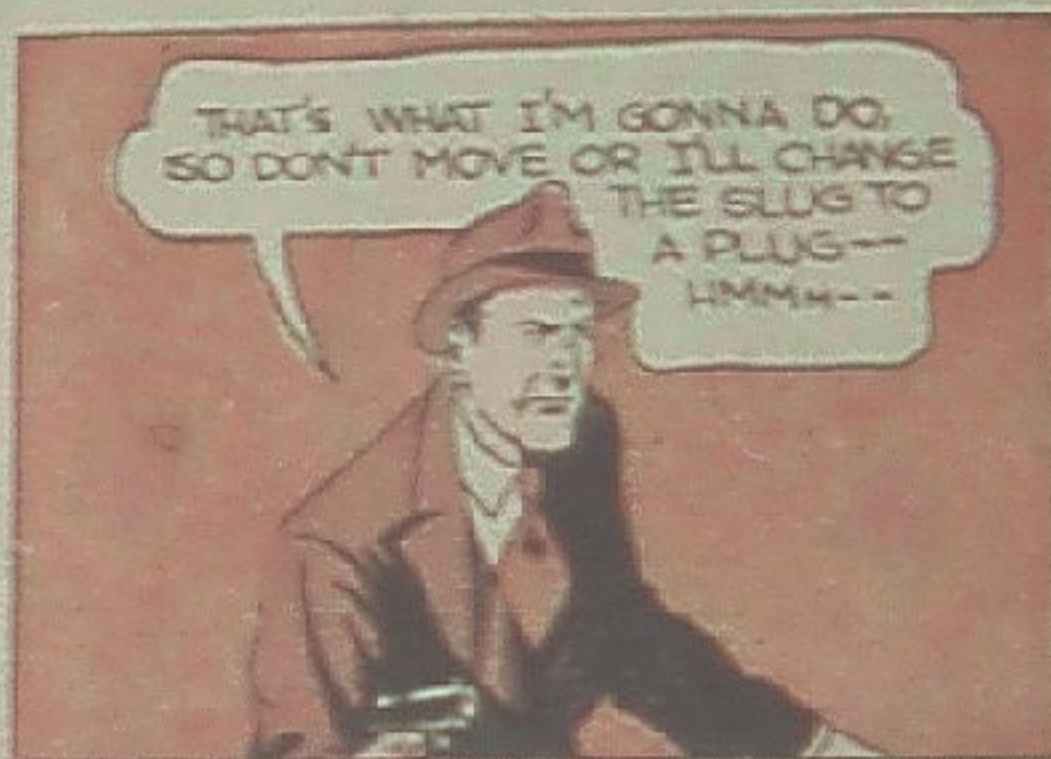
YES! - COME IN-

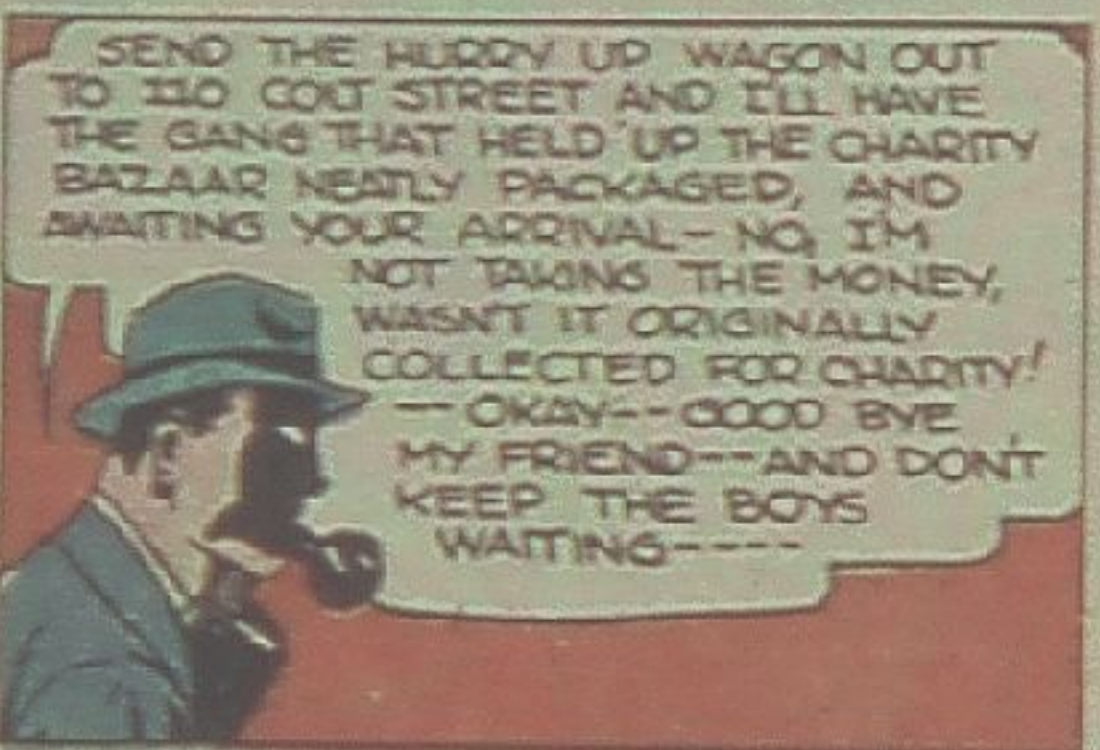
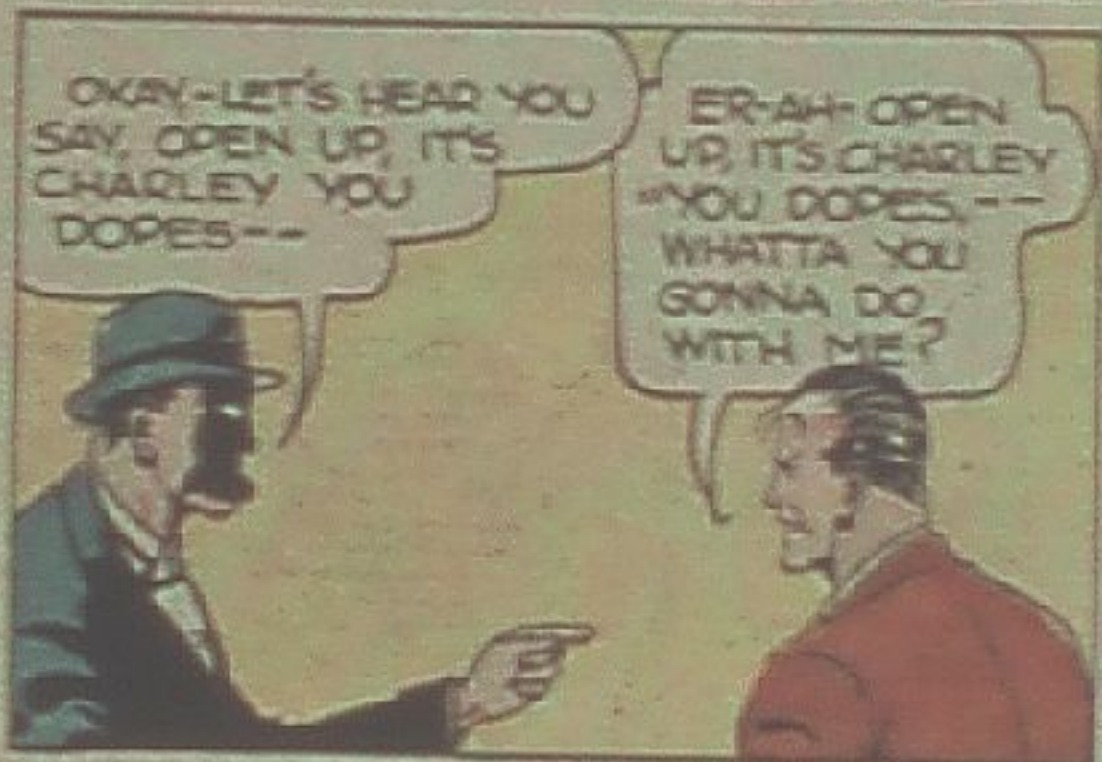
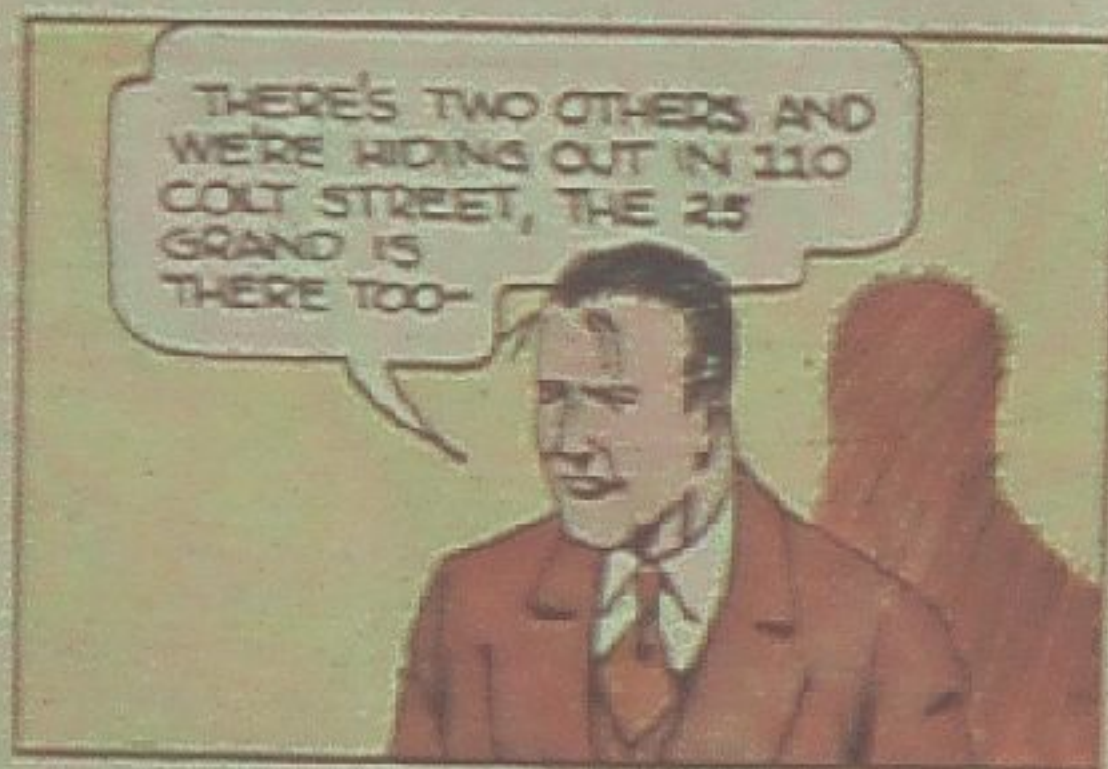
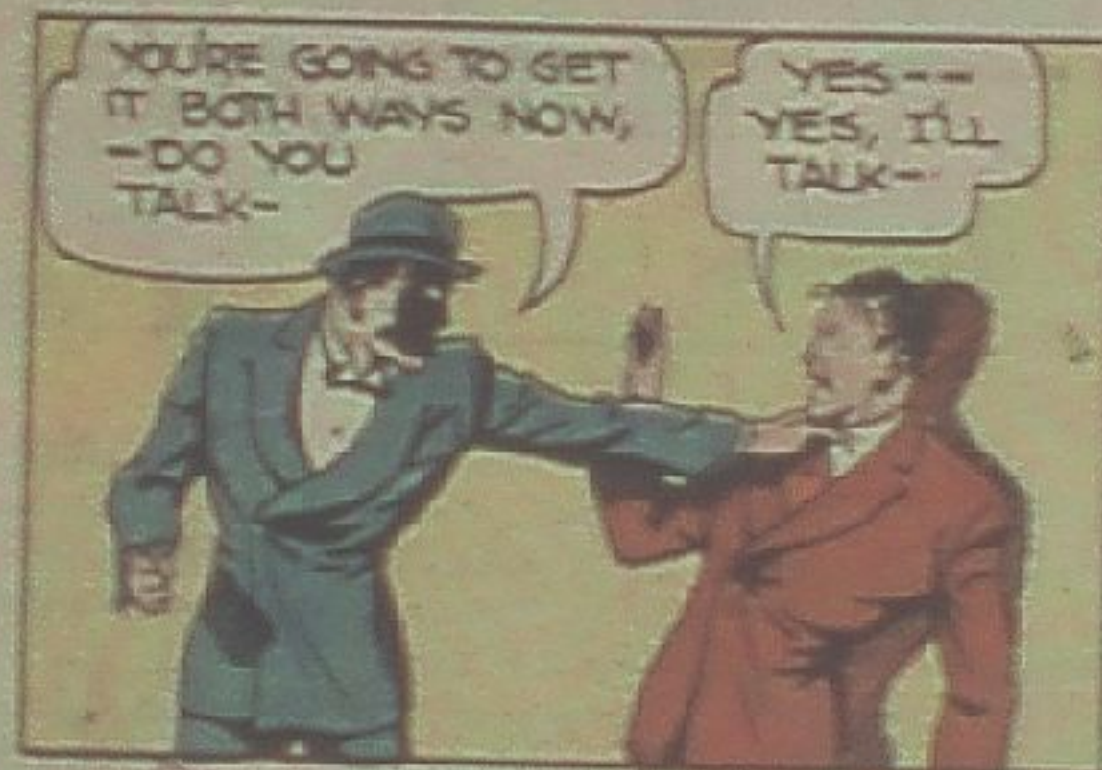


WELL, HERE I AM- WHY THE GUN?

I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES - YOU GOT THE MONEY?







PIRATES AHOY!!..... By CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

Mystery Still Hovers Over the Sea

If the Hindenburg disaster had happened in midocean it, might easily be that her fate never would have been known to the world. It was only sixty seconds from the moment of her taking fire, according to reliable witnesses, until she lay upon the ground, a mass of melting metal.

Suppose those sixty seconds had been passed out of sight of land and ships, over deep water. By the time the wireless operator knew anything was wrong, it would have been too late to send any message. The metal frame, instead of lying upon the ground, would have plunged directly to the bottom, carrying with it most of the evidence.

Indeed, something of the kind must have happened to the *Dixmude*, the German zeppelin that was taken by the French at the end of the war. She started out over the Mediterranean, a much smaller sea than the Atlantic, and not a scrap of her ever was found. The only body ever found was that of the Captain, which was washed up on a distant shore after a long time. It is conceivable that the Hindenburg, sinking in midocean, might never have been heard of and that no trace of her might ever have been found.

Such mysteries the sea has kept before, and will again. Permit me to cite the mysterious case of the *Mary Celeste*, in 1872.

Thousands of articles, tales, stories and books have been written about it. A great many people have the notion that the mystery has been solved, or that there is no real problem connected with the *Mary Celeste*. This impression is due to the appearance from time to time of a magazine article or book that claims to have cleared up the matter at last. But the fact is that the mystery of the *Mary Celeste* is as deep and unsolved now as it was on the day when the brigantine was found bowling along without a helmsman on the high seas.

I have written a score of articles about the mystery, and never without receiving several letters from persons who think they know the answer.

A comparatively recent book on the subject is "A Great Sea Mystery," by J. G. Lockhardt, published by Payson, New York. Lockhardt has written much about the *Mary Celeste* in his many books of the sea, and this late volume sums the whole matter up briefly, reviews the various "solutions," and offers a theory intended as a possible explanation. Although I have read armfuls of books about the *Mary Celeste*, I am more indebted to Lockhardt than to anyone else for the facts as I shall recite them for readers of this series.

The *Mary Celeste* was a brigantine of 282 tons, built in Nova Scotia in 1861, 58 feet long, 25 feet beam, owned by a little American company of which J. H. Winchester of New York was chief stockholder. Captain B. S. Briggs, of Marion, Mass., commanded her when she started on her voyage from New York, bound, for Genoa, Italy, November 7, 1872.

On December 5, a month after she sailed from New York, the *Mary Celeste* was found at a point about midway between the Azores and Portugal, not quite four hundred miles from the latter coast, abandoned. The finder was the Nova Scotia brig, *Dei Gratia* (which means Thanks be to God), commanded by Captain Morehouse. Neither Captain Briggs, nor any one of his company of nine, which included his wife and baby, was ever seen or heard of by mortal man from that day to this.

Captain Briggs was forty-five years old, and was a man of excellent reputation. He was a religious man and did not drink liquor. He took with him on this fatal trip his wife, Sarah, and their two-years-old daughter, leaving in the care of relatives in New Bedford their other child, Arthur, who was seven

then.

The first mate was A. G. Richardson, a New Englander, and most of the fore-castle hands were Germans. The cargo consisted of 1,700 barrels of alcohol.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when the *Dei Gratia* sighted a sail. There was a calm sea and light winds from the north. As soon as he was close enough to recognize the *Mary Celeste*, which he knew very well indeed, Captain Morehouse hailed, and received no



answer. The two ships had loaded cargo close to one another in New York, and Captain Morehouse had become well acquainted with Captain Briggs. So the Captain of the Nova Scotia vessel was a bit nettled at receiving no reply to his hail.

The *Mary Celeste* was behaving queerly, yawing and sailing an erratic course. It was seen that she was sailing on the port tack.



but that her headmalls were set on the starboard tack.

Captain Morehouse and his mate talked about the peculiar actions of the *Mary Celeste*, and decided that she must be sailing without a helmsman. The obvious conclusion was that there must have been a mutiny, and that the crew had become intoxicated and had given the ship over to the wind and waves.

The first mate and two men from the *Dei Gratia* rowed across the distance separating the two vessels. The strange craft seemed deserted. Her wheel was unmanned. Yet she was making a fair headway in the light breeze, and there was no sign of fire, explosion or other disaster. The *Dei Gratia's* men climbed over the side, explored the decks, and finally went below, shouting and

was off and turned upside down on the deck. Trailing ropes at the stern and the absence of the boat that had been held in chocks there indicated that some person or persons had put the boat over and had abandoned the ship in it.

The ship's log was written up in the usual form to the evening of November 24. On a slate on the table in the Captain's cabin were notes for the following day's log, but these had not been written up in the permanent record. So it was evident that the *Mary Celeste* had been sailing along as usual as late as ten days before the *Dei Gratia* found her. There was nothing in the log or in the notes for the log referring to any severe storm, mutiny, trouble with any member of the crew, or any other untoward circumstance.

The very last entry on the slate recorded the fact that at eight in the morning, November 25, the island of Santa Maria, Azores group, lay six miles to the south southwest. The ship had gone about three hundred seventy miles on her course since that last entry, apparently without helmsman or crew.

In the galley the pots and pans were properly washed up, and the remains of a breakfast were on the table in the Captain's room. The Captain's watch hung on a peg above the table. Many things of value had been left behind when the ship was abandoned. The beds had been made up, except the child's bed. There the imprint of the baby's head was still quite visible in the pillow.

The chronometer and all the ship's papers except the log were missing. But there had been no storm to cause abandonment of the *Mary Celeste*. There were things standing on tables that would have been rolled off by a slight swell.

A piece of goods, such as one might use to make a child's dress, was in the sewing machine, with a few stitches taken. In the fore-castle the personal effects of the sailors were found undisturbed, even their razors remaining, bright and rustless, where they had been put away that morning. A letter in the handwriting of the first mate had been started with the salutation, "Fanny, my dear wife—"

There lay the paper and the ink and pen, but the writer of the letter was nowhere, and the letter was never finished.

There was a long cut in the planking on both sides of the bows of the ship, about three feet above the water line. On each side the cut was the same, about seven feet long. It looked as though some person with a very sharp axe or hammer and wood chisel had most carefully cut a strip a little more than an inch wide and less than half an inch deep off the edge of a plank on the port and starboard sides.

I have never read any sensible explanation of these seemingly meaningless disfigurements. The work was not done to sink the ship, for the wounds were superficial and above the water line. The work had taken some time, and had been painstakingly done. It seemed about as reasonable an occupation for any seaman as painting red owls on the front of your dwelling house would be for you.

On the starboard topgallant rail was found a gash which might have been made by one stroke of a cleaver or axe. It was a fresh scar in the wood. Not very deep, but certainly strange. One doesn't cut gashes in the smooth rail of a ship. Near the gash were stains which were thought to be blood-stains. Elsewhere above deck some stains of like nature were found.

Captain Morehouse was completely mystified. There was but one thing for him to do, and he did it. He put a skeleton crew aboard the *Mary Celeste*, and took her with him to Gibraltar, his own destination. There he reported to the proper authorities the whole circumstances of finding the derelict, and made claim for salvage.



pounding on the decks and walls. Not a sound.

The mate, unwilling to be responsible further, signalled his Captain to come over. Captain Morehouse soon was inspecting the brigantine from stem to stern, and taking note of conditions found.

The ship had not been through any severe storm lately. Inspection of the cargo revealed nothing seriously amiss. One hatch cover

Read "Tomato Pie Made
Messy a Pirate" in the
October issue of **FEATURE
FUNNIES**—on sale August
31st.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



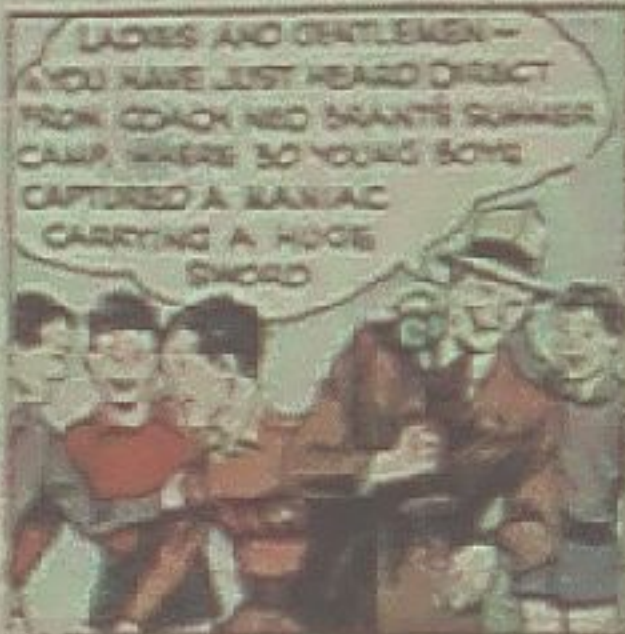
WELL, WHEN THE PHANTOM SWORDSMAN STUCK HIS CHORD INTO THE GROUND AND STARTED HIS LECTURE ON "NAA STRATEGY," I FELT SURE WE HAD HIM —



HE SAT IN THE CENTER OF US AND HE KEPT EGGING TOWARD HIM—THEN HE DROPPED HIS EYES FOR A SECOND AND WE JUMPED ON HIM!



AND THAT'S WHERE CHUCK NAAK, SHOTGUN DRILLON, AND THE OTHERS CAME TO THE RESCUE IN THE NICK OF TIME —



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—YOU HAVE JUST HEARD DIRECT FROM CHUCK NED BRANT'S SUMMER CAMP, WHERE 30 YOUNG BOYS CAPTURED A MANIAC CARRYING A HOOB SWORD



HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT PHANTOM KEPT HIMSELF ALIVE DURING THOSE WEEKS IN THE WOODS?

EASY! I COULD DO IT MYSELF!



SO COULD I—A CINCH!

SAY—IF EITHER OF YOU BROS EVER GET MORE THAN 40 FEET FROM THE NEAREST EIGHT—COURSE DINNER, YOU'LL YELL FOR HELP!



WHY, I'LL BET YOU TWO BROS CAN'T LIVE A WEEK IN THE WOODS WITHOUT SUPPLIES AND WEAPONS—

IT'S A BET! WHEN DO WE START?



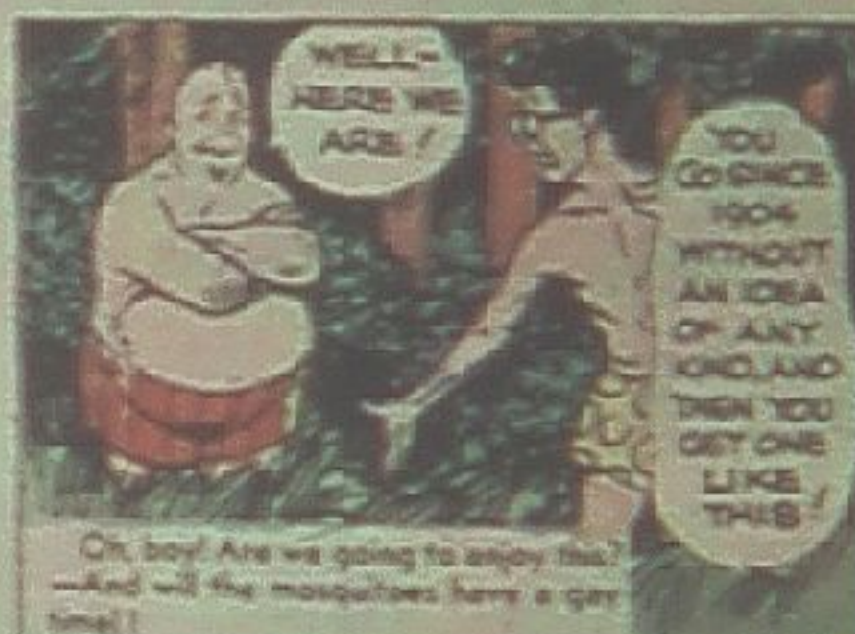
RIGHT NOW! AND ONE PAIR OF SHORTS IS ALL THE CLOTHING EACH CAN TAKE

SHOTGUN AND I WILL TAKE YOU TO A REMOTE PART OF THE WOODS!



NO LOOKING BACK INTO TOWN EITHER!

WELL, QUANCE THEY'D HAVE GETTING A SOB-DRILLED LIKE THAT!



WELL—HERE WE ARE!

YOU GO SINCE 1904 WITHOUT AN IDEA OF ANY KIND AND THEN YOU GET ONE LIKE THIS!

Oh, boy! Are we going to enjoy this? —And will the mosquitoes have a gay time!

SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

If you would like us to mail you **FEATURE FUNNIES** for one year, send us this coupon with your dollar.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

FEATURE FUNNIES
309 Lexington Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Canada and Foreign **\$1.50**

Enclosed is my dollar. Mail me **FEATURE FUNNIES** every month for one year.

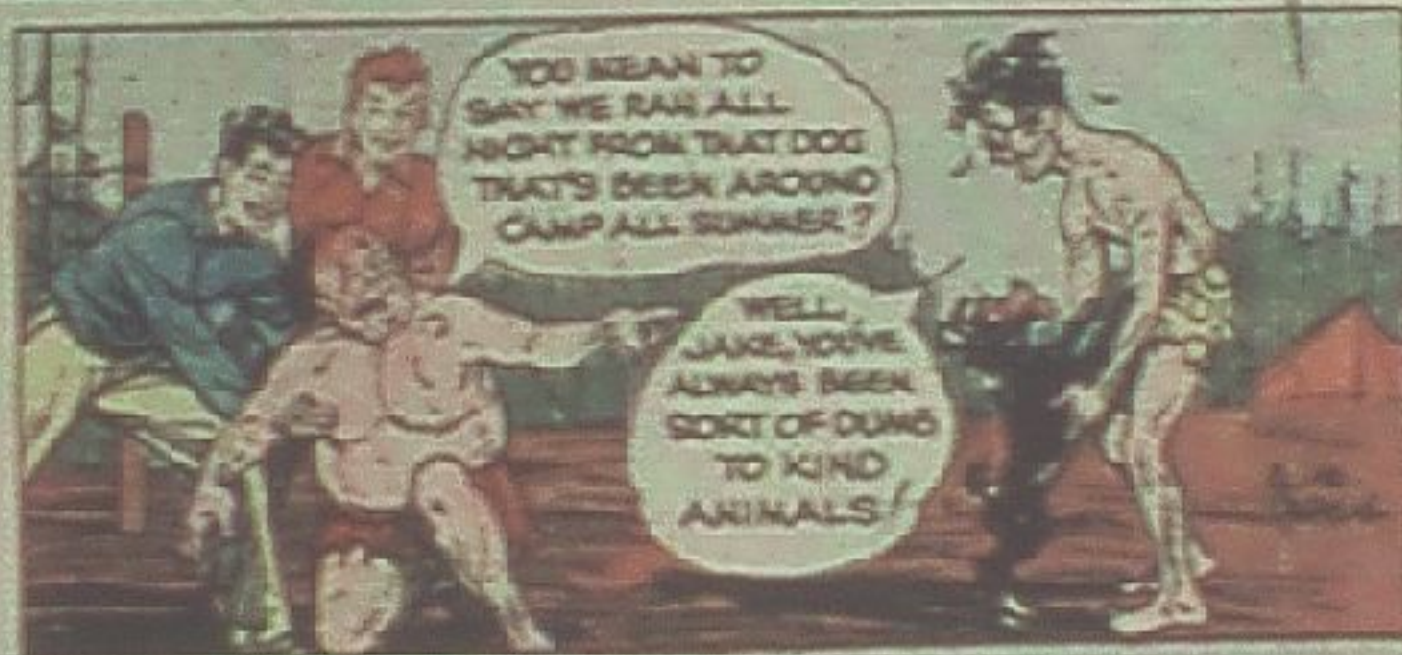
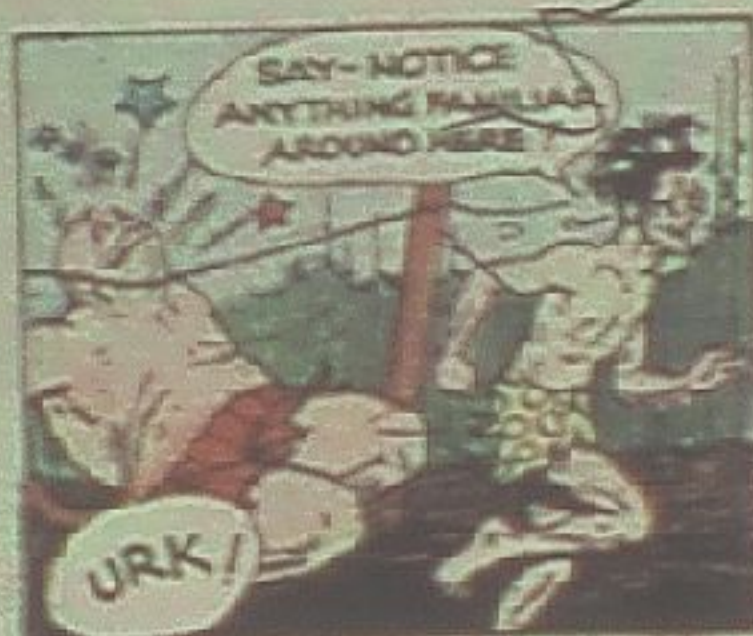
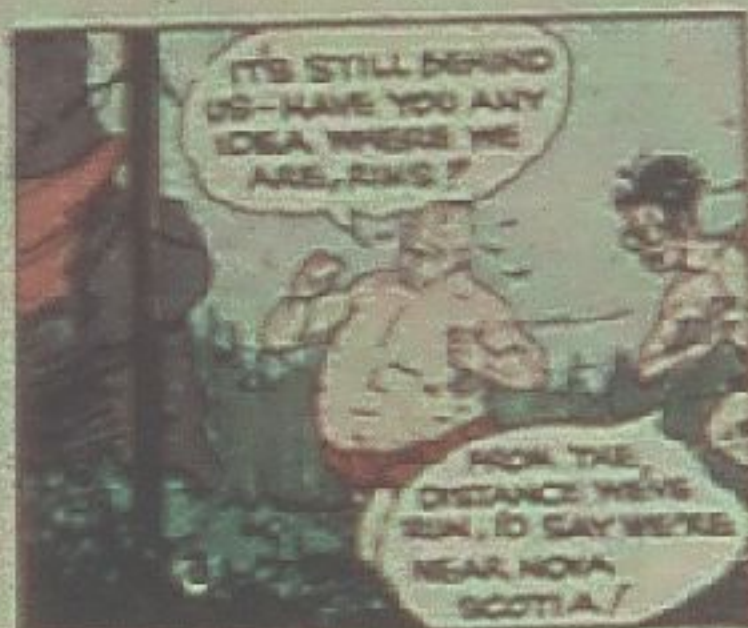
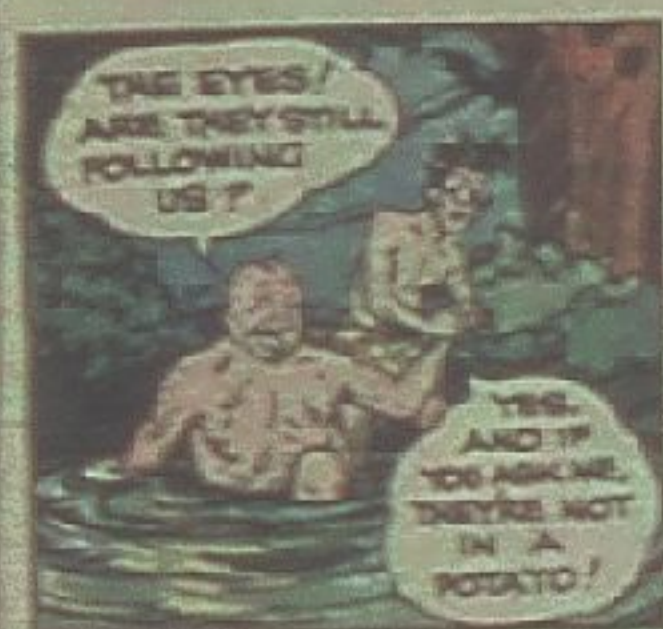
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Address _____

City _____ State _____

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



KAPPA
DELTA
RHO

COLLEGE FRATERNITIES

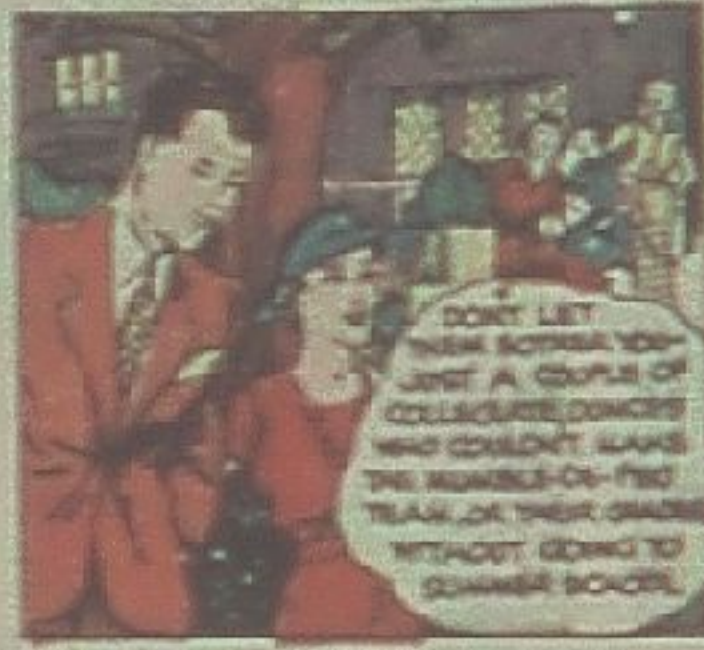
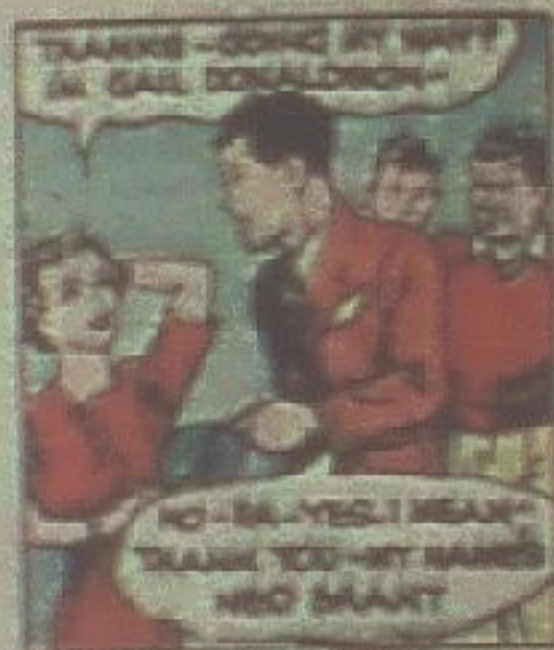
FOUNDED: AT MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE,
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT, IN 1905.
EMINENT ALUMNI: CHARLES W. MURDOCK,
ENGINEER; WILLIAM J. MEYERS,
GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



Exciting things are going to happen in Carleville, folks! Young Ned Brant, cousin of the famous coach, has arrived bearing a great high school reputation.



IF IT'S A SCRAP YOU FELLOWS WANT -
DELIGHTED - WATCH ME CLEAN HIM!
SORRY, BUT YOU HAD IT COMING! DO YOUR FRIENDS WANT SOME TOO?
Well, it's a bit early to tell how much stuff young Ned Brant's got - but, if he can handle football as he did those three battles, he's got some.

COLLEGE FRATERNITIES

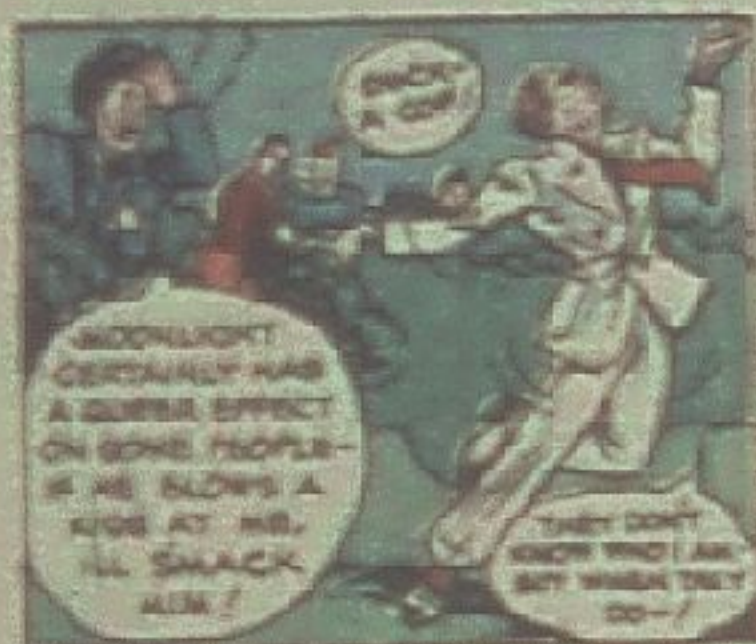
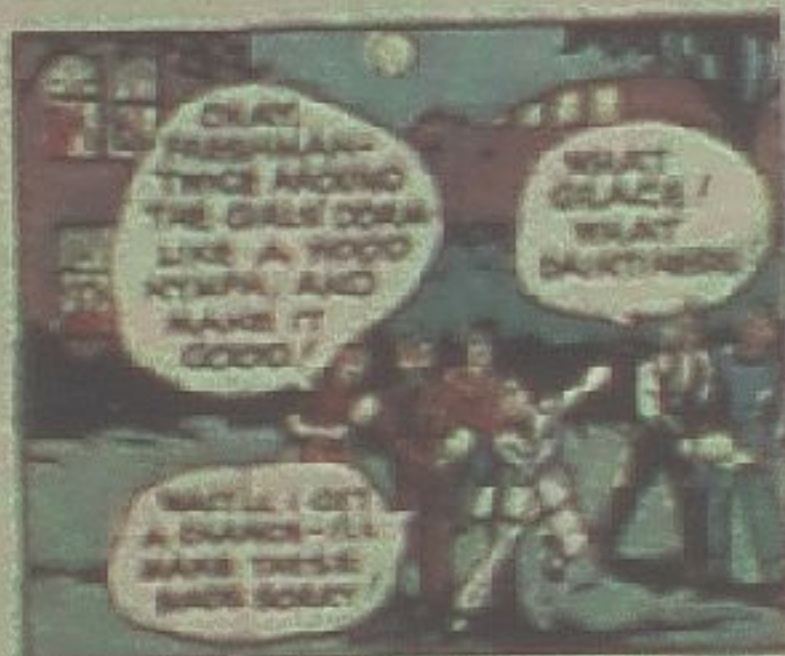


TAU
KAPPA
EPSILON

FOUNDED: AT ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY 1899. EMINENT ALUMNI: CHARLES R. WALGREEN JR., DRUGGIST; DR. JAMES THOMAS, THEOLOGIST; DR. WILLIAM D. REEVE, AUTHOR AND EDUCATOR.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



COLLEGE FRATERNITIES



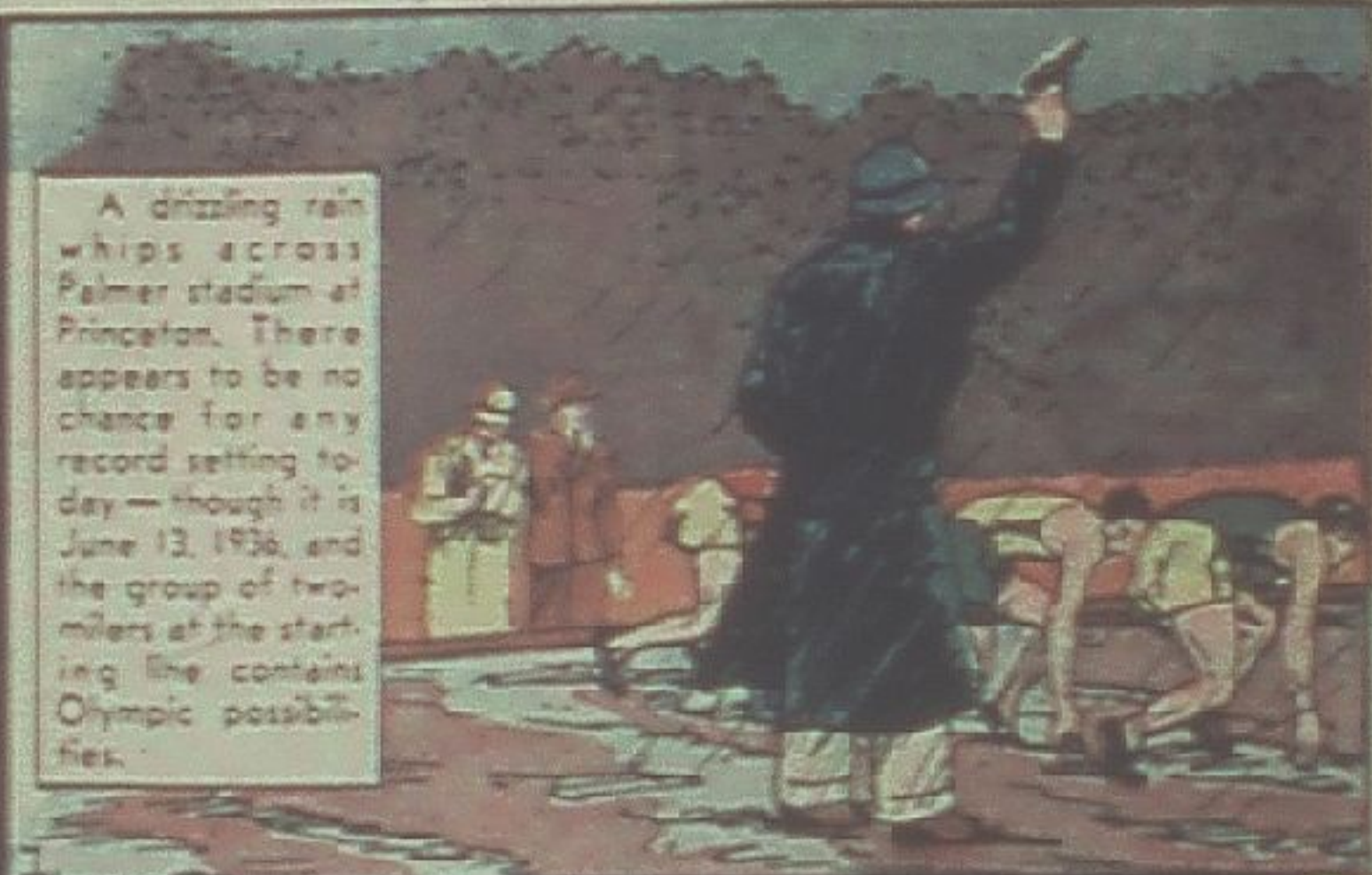
FOUNDED AT JEFFERSON COLLEGE, FEB. 19, 1852.
EMINENT ALUMNI: PIERCE BUTLER, U.S. SUPREME COURT JUSTICE; CHARLES F. MARVIN, CHIEF OF THE U.S. WEATHER BUREAU; EDWARD C. ELLIOTT, PRESIDENT OF PURDUE UNIVERSITY

Ned Brant is continued in the October issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale August 31st.

THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About
The Boy
Who Beat
Paavo Nurmi's
Two-Mile
Mark

A drizzling rain whips across Palmer stadium at Princeton. There appears to be no chance for any record setting today — though it is June 13, 1936, and the group of two-milers at the starting line contains Olympic possibilities.



Come closer, though — see that expression of grim determination on the boy in the crimson jersey?



That boy is record-bent — come drizzle or no drizzle! See his competitors eating rain-soaked cinders. They've run a mile now — can any man run another such mile on such a track — or will the crimson pace setter fall back?



It's a mile and three-quarters now! And look at him! Stand up with the crowd and cheer him! Fall back, indeed — he starts a sprint that puts him across the finish 175 yards ahead of his nearest competitor!



Don Lash, the Indiana Cyclone — running against time at the finish — smashed the record Paavo Nurmi, the famous Finn, set in Finland five years ago. Nurmi's time, 8 minutes, 59.6 seconds — Lash's time, 8 minutes, 58.3 seconds!

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

By JOHN HIX

ROALD AMUNDSEN
Discoverer
of the
South Pole
was born
in the
northernmost
country of Europe
— NORWAY —



CLOCKWORK WHIRLPOOL —
A WHIRLPOOL IN THE HARUTO CHANNEL,
NEAR KOBE, JAPAN, APPEARS REGULARLY
EVERY 16 HOURS —
DUE TO CURRENT CHANGE



THE 'PUGILIST POTATO' —
A naturally formed potato
found by R. S. Werley,
of Reading, Pa.



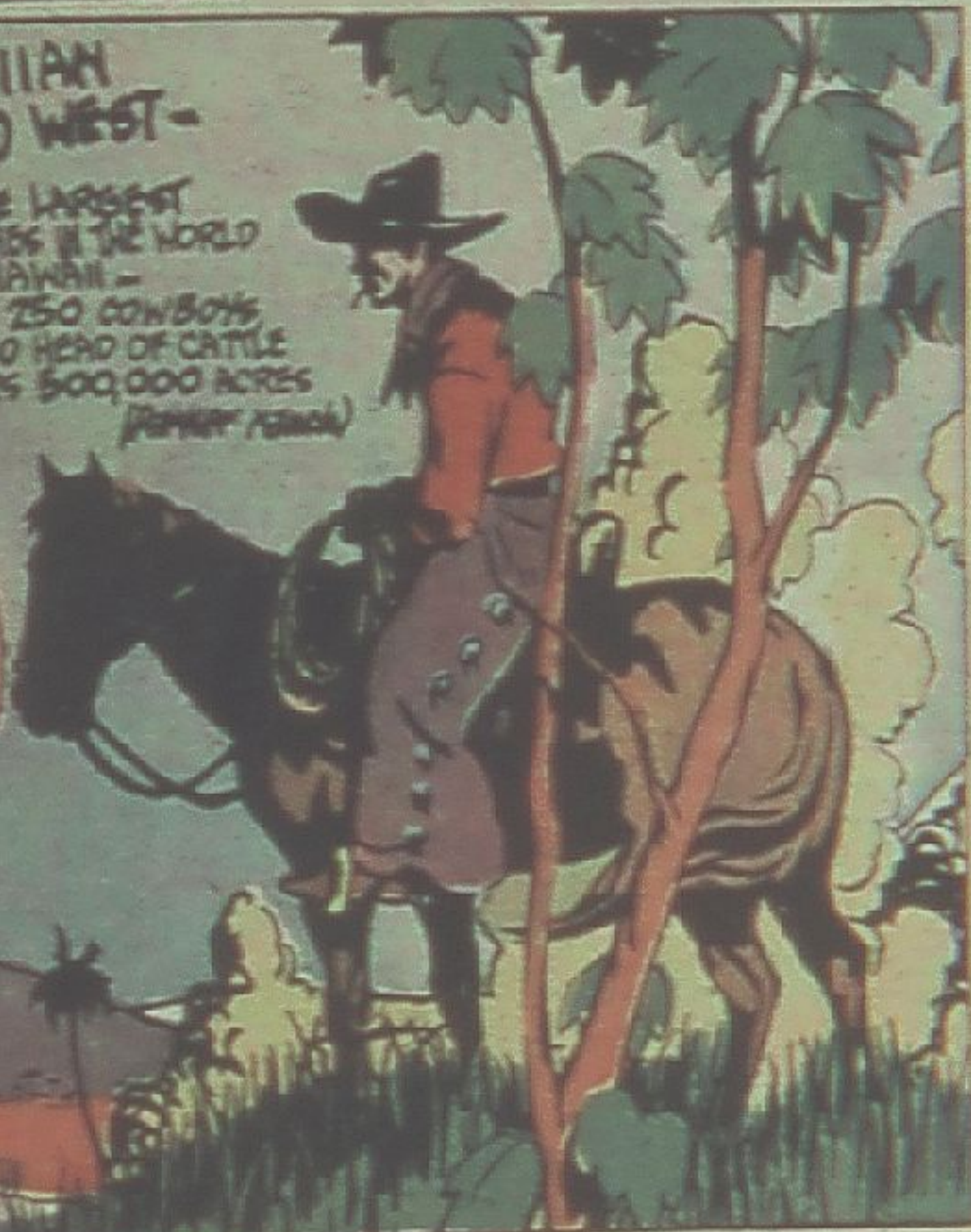
SPRINTING 100 YARDS
REQUIRES OVER 25 TIMES
AS MUCH OXYGEN AS
WALKING THE SAME
DISTANCE —

HAWAIIAN WILD WEST —

ONE OF THE LARGEST
CATTLE RANCHES IN THE WORLD
IS IN HAWAII —

IT EMPLOYS 250 COWBOYS,
HAS 92,000 HEAD OF CATTLE
AND COVERS 500,000 ACRES
(REMYN KIRCH)

DWARF SCRUB
SPRUCE WILL GROW
FROM GIANT
SPRUCE SEEDS
ON MOUNTAIN
TOPS —





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

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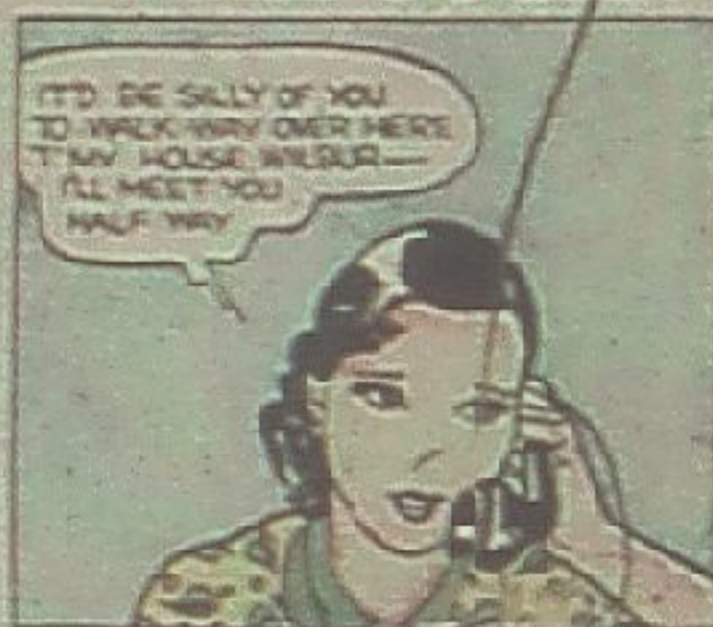
By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVoy and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL



More of Dixie Dugan in the October issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale August 31st

Gallant Knight

BY
VERNON HENKEL

SIR NEVILLE IS RIDING AT ADVENTURE WHEN HE CONFRONTS AND SLAYS A CHALLENGING KNIGHT. -AS HE APPROACHES THE CASTLE OF HIS ADVERSARY HE LEARNS THAT A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN IS BEING HELD A PRISONER IN THE TOWER. -DESPERATELY HE BATTLES HIS WAY TO THE MAIDEN'S SIDE BUT HER RESCUE SEEMS FUTILE AS THE CASTLE GUARDS CLOSE IN. ---

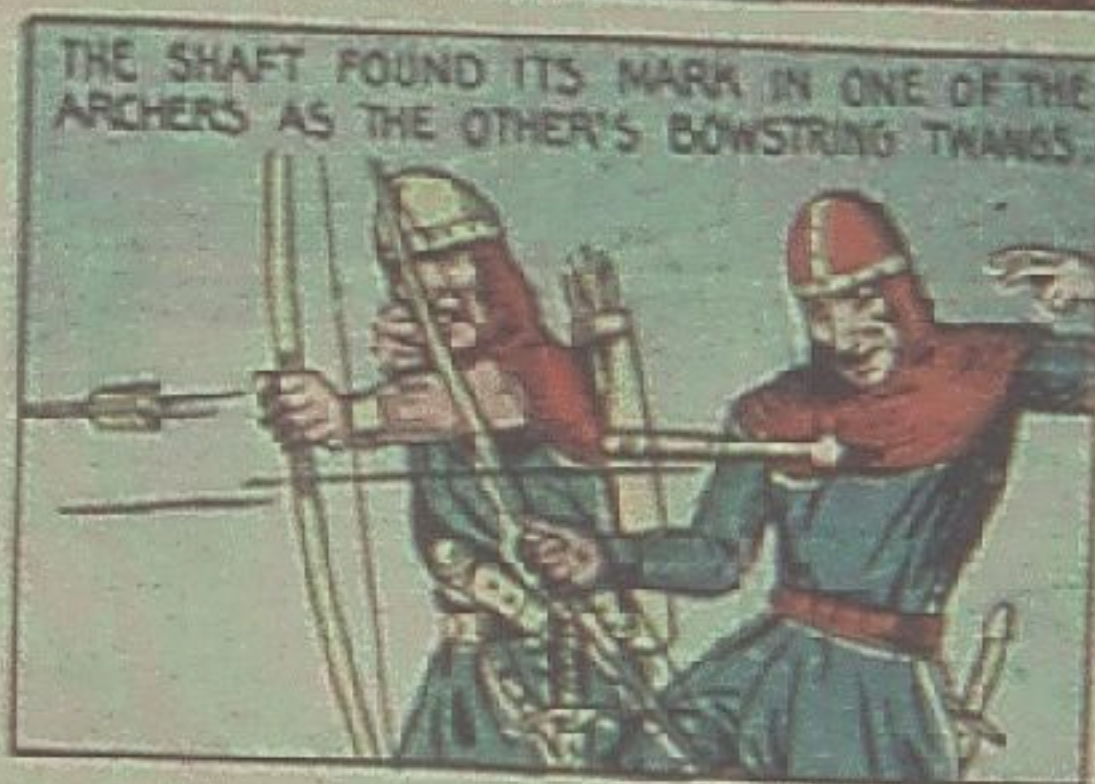
SOBERLY PRESSED NEVILLE HEARD THE GIRL'S FRANTIC SHOUT OF WARNING



QUICKLY HE HURLED HIS SPEAR AT A NEW MENACE



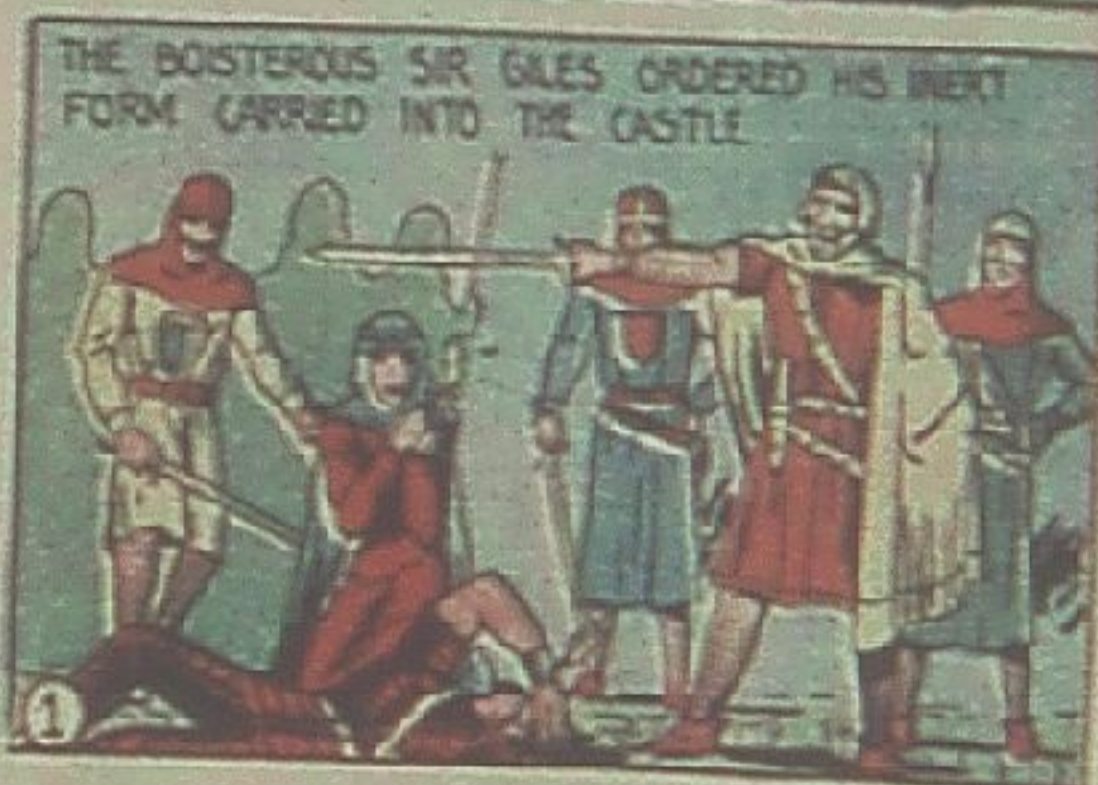
THE SHAFT FOUND ITS MARK IN ONE OF THE ARCHERS AS THE OTHER'S BOWSTRING TWANGS.



AN OPEN TARGET, NEVILLE FELL PIERCED BY THE ARROW



THE BOISTEROUS SIR GILES ORDERED HIS NEXT FORM CARRIED INTO THE CASTLE



NOW, MY SWEET INEZ, YOU MAY PATCH UP THE FOOL'S BODY. HE MUST BE IN GOOD CONDITION FOR THE FATE IN STORE FOR HIM.



WHEN NEVILLE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS HE SAW THE SWEET FACE OF THE MAID INEZ BEFORE HIM AND NOTICED HIS SHOULDER WAS CAREFULLY BANDAGED

I THANK THEE, BRAVE KNIGHT FOR TRYING TO SAVE ME ! BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT ! I WILL BE SET FREE AS SOON AS MY FATHER PAYS MY RANSOM, WHILE YOU—THEY WILL KILL YOU !



YOU MUST NOT TRY TO ESCAPE ! AS LONG AS YOU ARE ILL, SIR GILES WILL NOT MOLEST YOU !



FATTENED FOR THE SLAUGHTER ! A NICE FELLOW, MY CAPTOR ! BUT, DON'T WORRY, THERE NEVER WAS A PRISON BUILT THAT COULD HOLD ME !

I MUST GO ! I HEAR FOOTSTEPS



SO ! PRETTY WENCH ! HAVE YOU RELATED ALL YOUR SORROWS TO THAT CURSED PIG ?

OH ! YOU'RE HURTING ME !



AT THAT MOMENT THE SENTRY'S ON THE WALL SHOUTED THE APPROACH OF A HORSEMAN



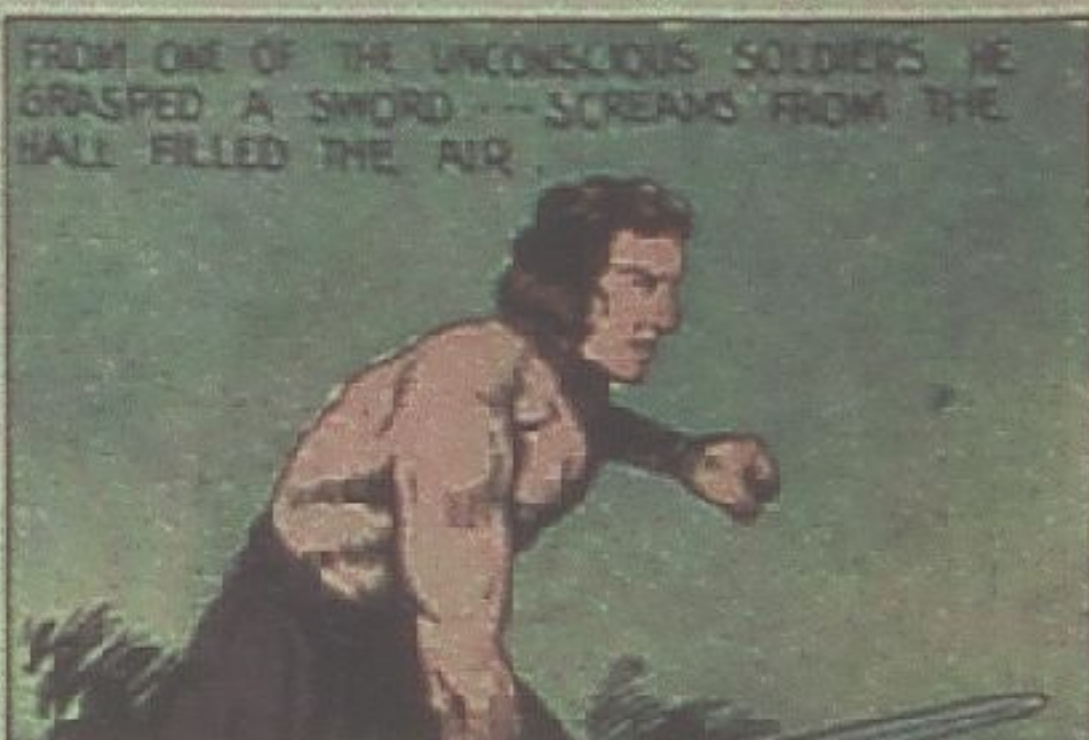
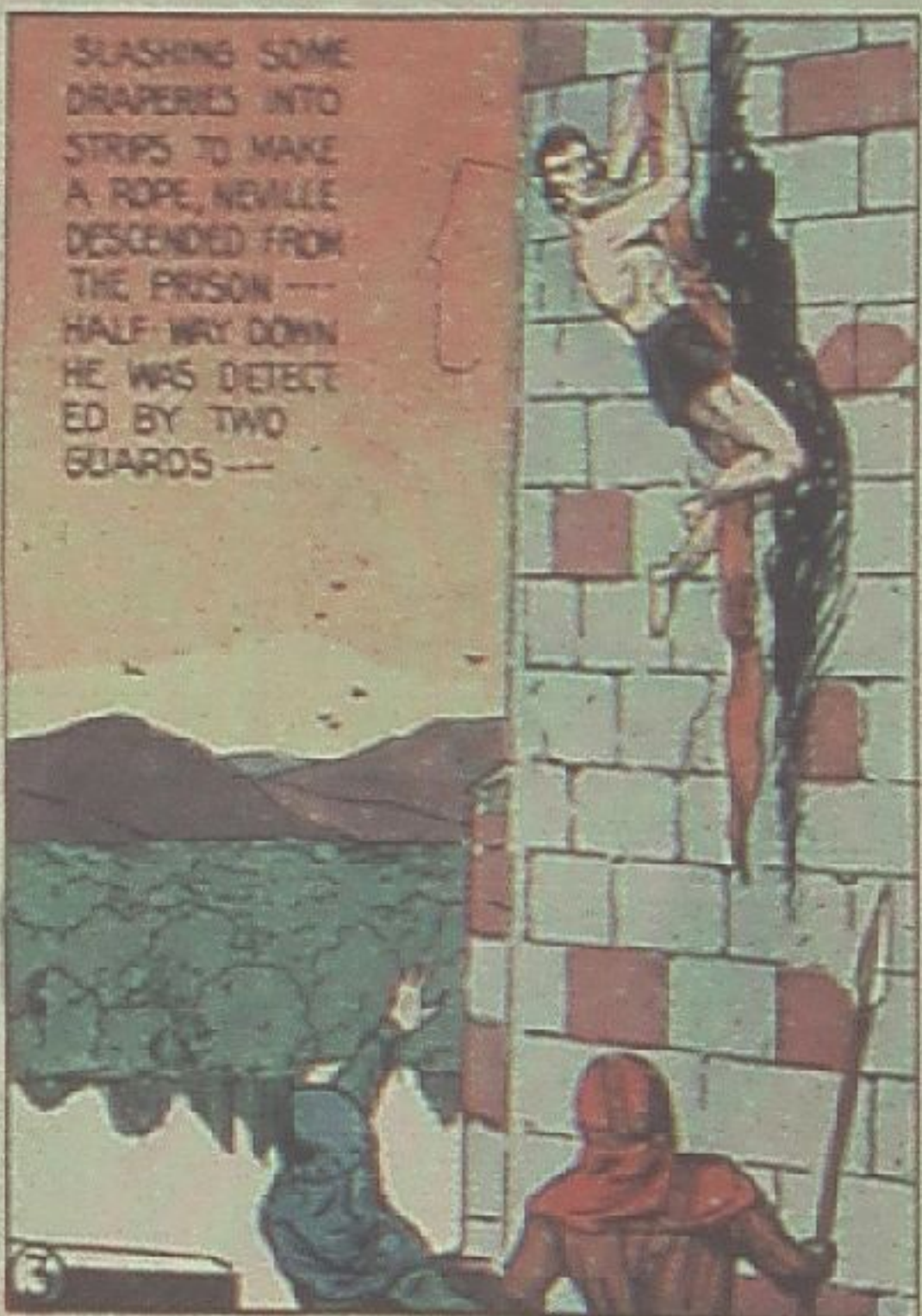
THE CREAKING DRAWBRIDGE WAS LOWERED AND THE MESSENGER DISAPPEARED WITHIN THE CASTLE



SIR GILES ! WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED ! AN AMBUSH WAS PREPARED BY THE DUKE'S SOLDIERS—I ALONE ESCAPED THE TRAP !

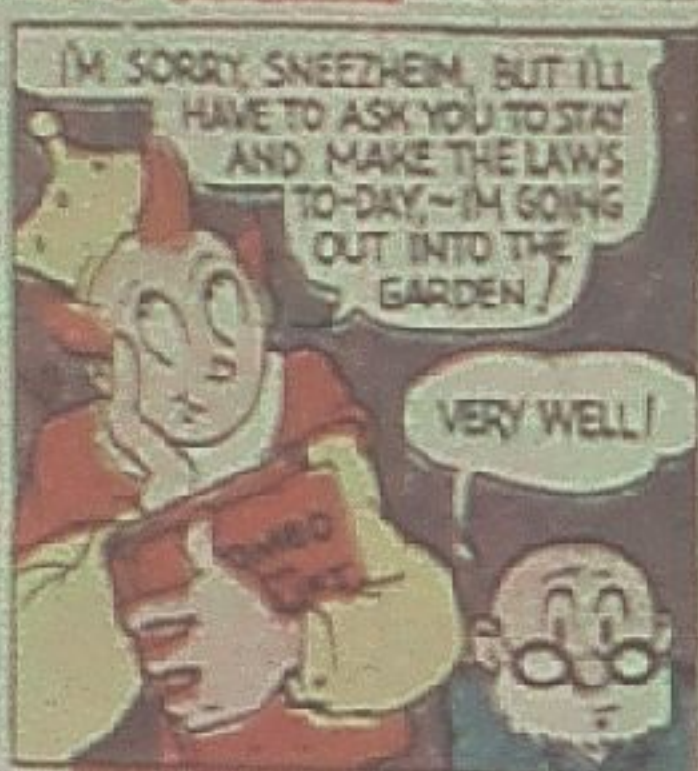
SO ! HE PAID THE RANSOM IN BLOOD !

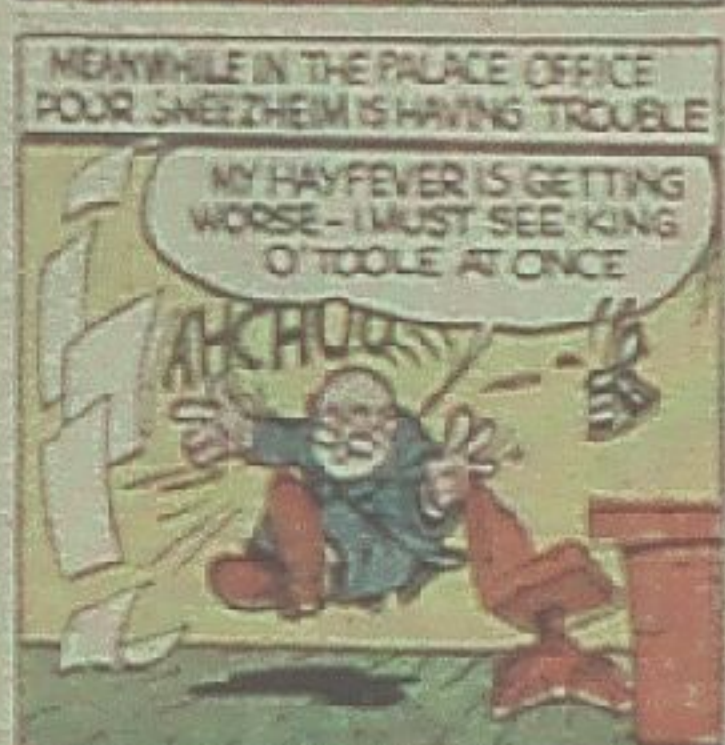






Gallant Knight is continued in the October issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale August 31st.



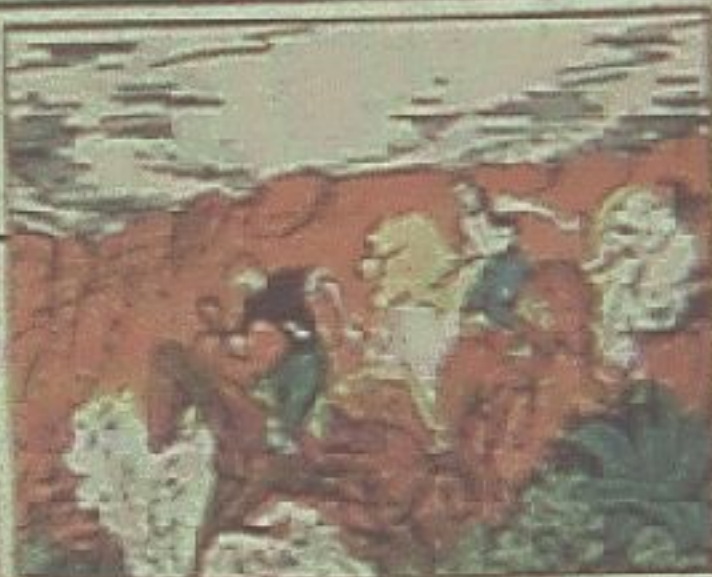


SLIM and TUBBY

John J. Welch

WOUNDED AND DESPERATE FOR WATER, ROG BUGH WAS DOOMED BUT HIS HORSE SAVED HIM.

BEAUTY!! YOU FOUND IT! WATER—WATER!! LOOK HAMMOND!



AH! LIKE HEAVEN IN YOUR THROAT—HEY—HEY HAMMOND, WHY AREN'T YOU DRINKING?

HAMMOND—YOU'VE HAD WATER—WHY DON'T YOU COME AROUND NOW?

OH—OH—

HURTS HERE EH? OH—OH—WHEN YOUR HORSE KICKED YOU HE DID FOR YOUR LEG PROPER!

OH—OH—

SWELL FIX—ME WOUNDED—YOU WITH A BROKEN LEG! GUESS THIS WATER—HOLE WILL BE A HOSPITAL FOR A LONG TIME!

OH—HELP ME! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!!

WELL, WE CRASHED THE LEDGE COMING DOWN—IT'LL BE HARD TO GET OUT—

WITH YOUR BROKEN LEG, AND THE BULLET IN MY SHOULDER, WE'RE HERE FOR A LONG TIME UNLESS THE BENTONS FIND US—

BUT AT THE BENTON RANCH THE SEARCH FOR THESE TWO HAS BEEN GIVEN UP—

I WISH MRS. BOTT WOULD STOP STARIN' AT ME!!

UNLESS HAMMOND'S CAUGHT, SHE'LL ALWAYS BLAME US FOR THE LOSS OF HER MONEY!

TIME DRAGS ON THE RANCH AFTER MRS. BOTT'S ROBBERY AND HELISE IS ANXIOUS TO GET AWAY—

IF WE STAY HERE ANY LONGER I'LL NEVER MEET HARTLEY IN NEW YORK—

NO HELISE—WE'LL STAY!! I FEEL SURE THAT SOMEDAY THAT MONEY WILL COME BACK TO US—

IF YOU INSIST MADAME

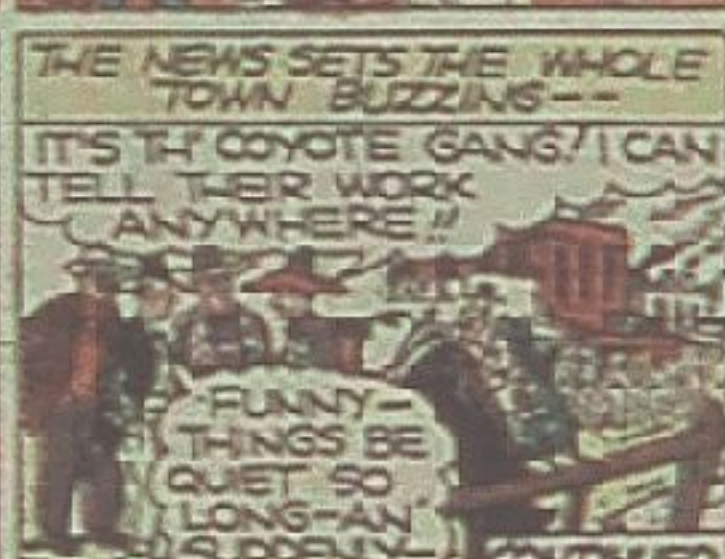
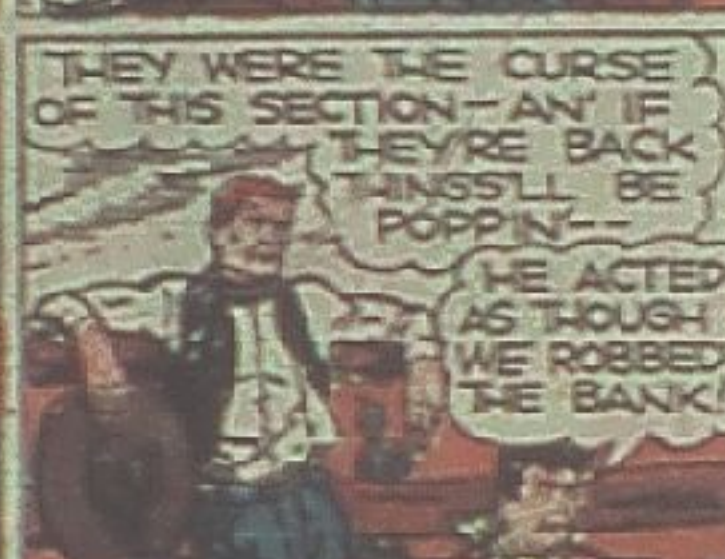
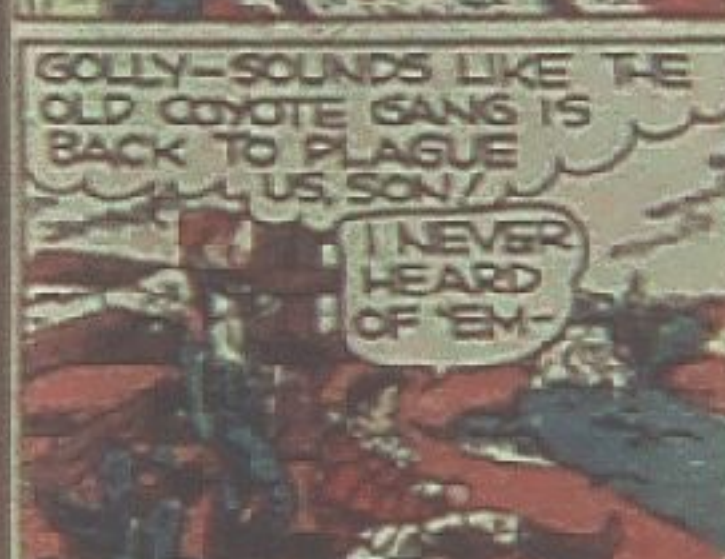
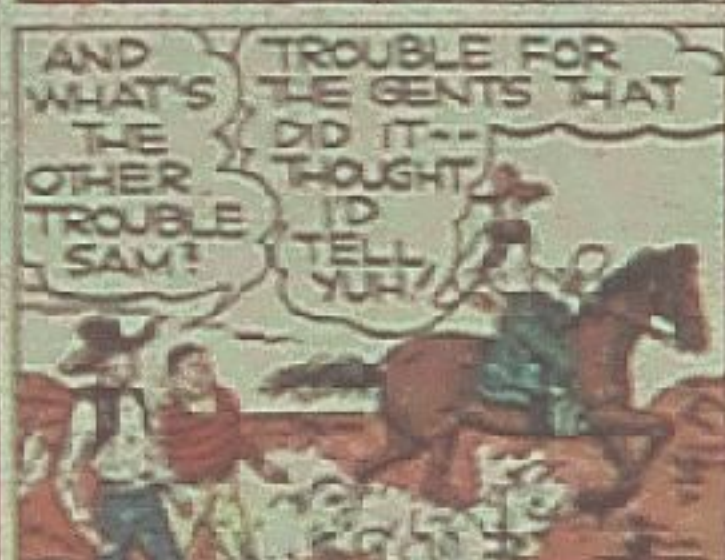
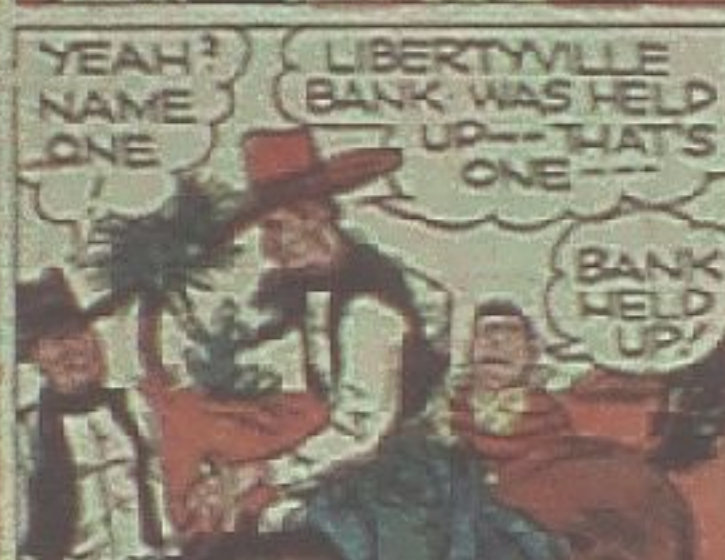
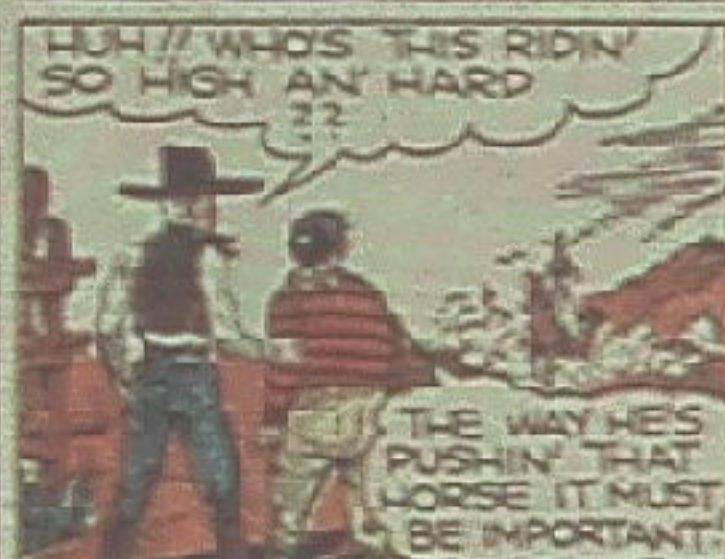
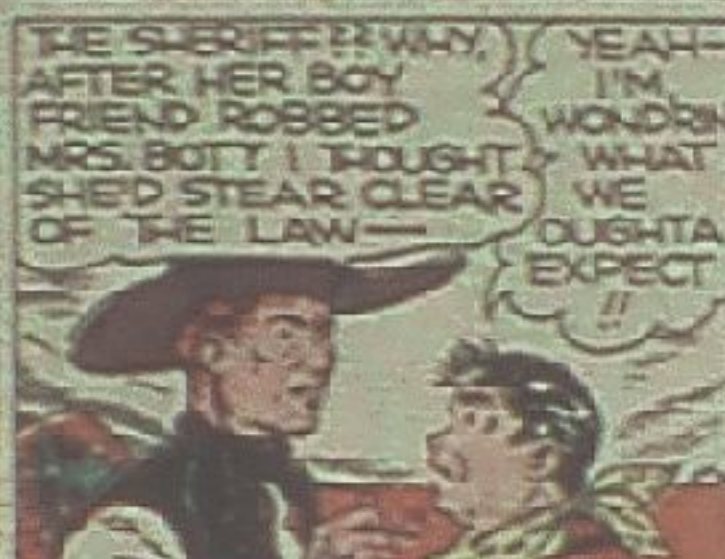
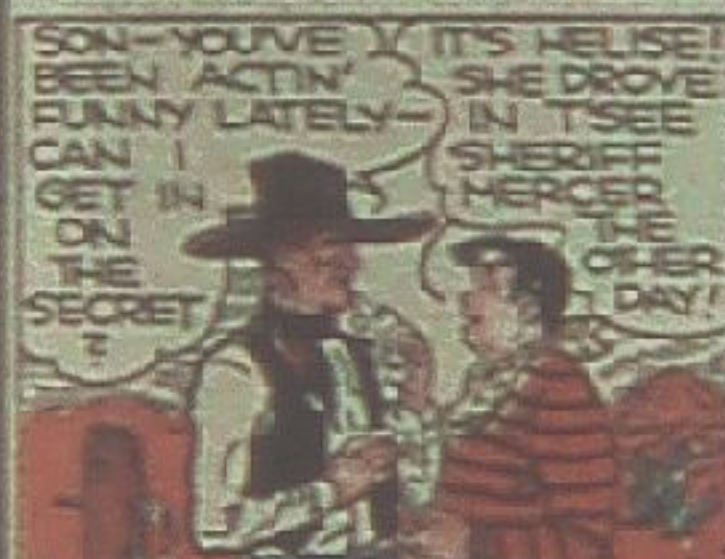
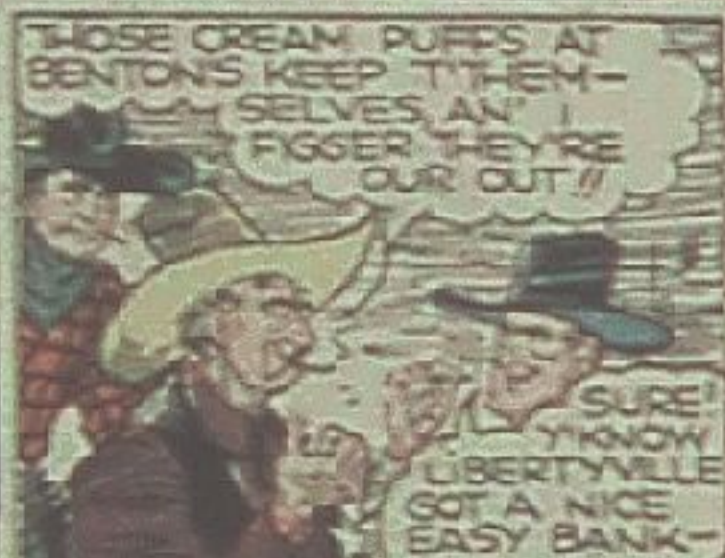
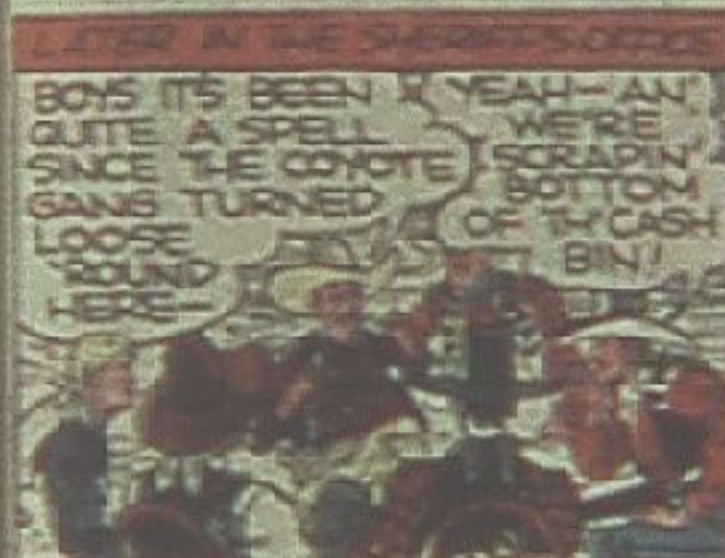
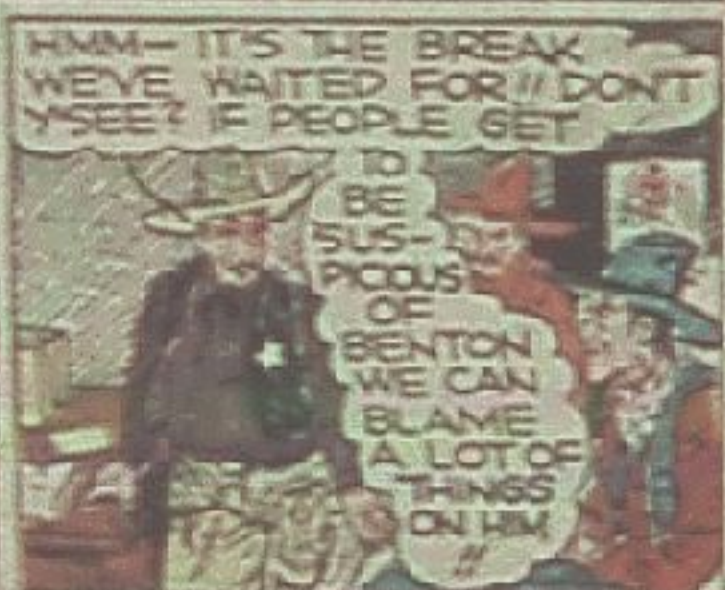
I'LL FIND A WAY! I'LL TELL THE SHERIFF WHAT HAS HAPPENED—I'LL BLAME THE BENTONS! THEY'LL GO TO JAIL—THEN WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE!

I WANT A CARRIAGE PLEASE—I'M GOING TO DRIVE TO TOWN—

YES MAM!

THAT GAL'S UP TO SOMETHIN' AND I'M ELECTIN' MYSELF T'FIND OUT WHAT'S UP HER SLEEVE!!

WELL—CAN Y'BEAT IT-- SHE'S GOING T'SEE THE SHERIFF!!



CONTINUED

HAWKS OF THE SEAS

by *Willis Rensie*

THE HAWK HAS SUCCEEDED IN FREEING THE SLAVES----

DO YOU MEAN THAT WE ARE TO SUPPLY OUR OWN SLAVES WITH A SHIP IN WHICH TO GO FREE?

EXACTLY!

YOU... YOU'RE MAD, SIR, WE'LL NEVER AGREE TO THAT... NEVER!

MAY I REMIND YOU, SIR, THAT MY SHIP LIES IN THE HARBOUR... I HAVE BUT TO SIGNAL AND MY CREW WILL COME...

-JUST A MOMENT--AH-H!
THERE IS SOMEONE AT THE DOOR, AH, YES, SOLDIERS!
-HAWK, OUR FORTUNE TURNS

IN TRUTH- AROUSED BY THE PRESENCE OF HAWKS SHIP IN THE HARBOUR, THE SOLDIERS SEEK TO INFORM MERRYSTONE

-CAPTAIN, WE'RE FORMING A PARTY TO ATTACK THE SHIP. PIRATE

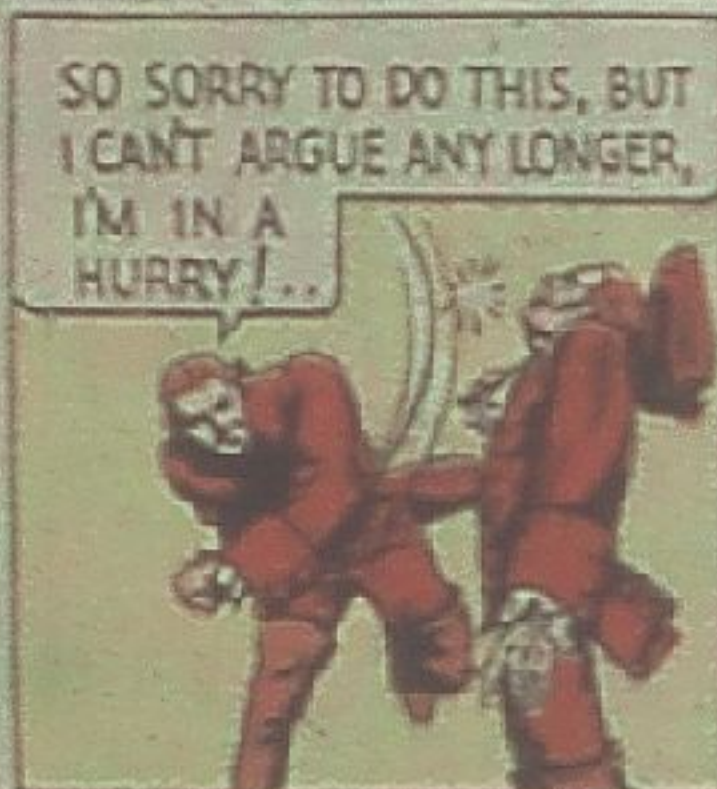
-I FEAR OUR INTERVIEW HAS COME TO AN UNTIMELY END-I MUST WARN MY MEN THAT YOU INTEND TO ATTACK OUR SHIP!!

BUT I WILL SECURE A SHIP FOR THOSE SLAVES NEVERTHELESS-ADIEU!

OH- OH!! - SOLDIERS!



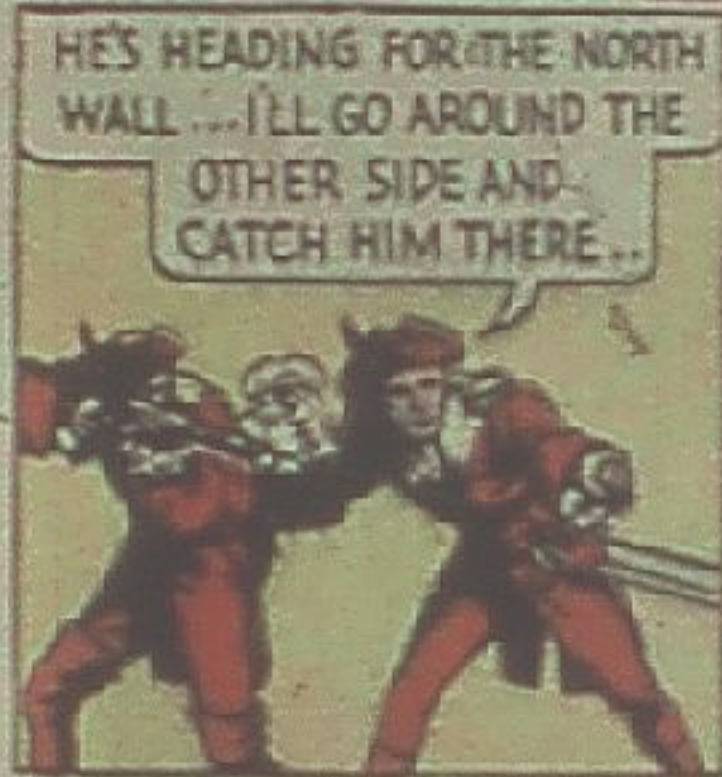
HERE COMES THE
SOLDIER, HE
THINKS I'M
SHOT!!



SO SORRY TO DO THIS, BUT
I CAN'T ARGUE ANY LONGER,
I'M IN A
HURRY!..



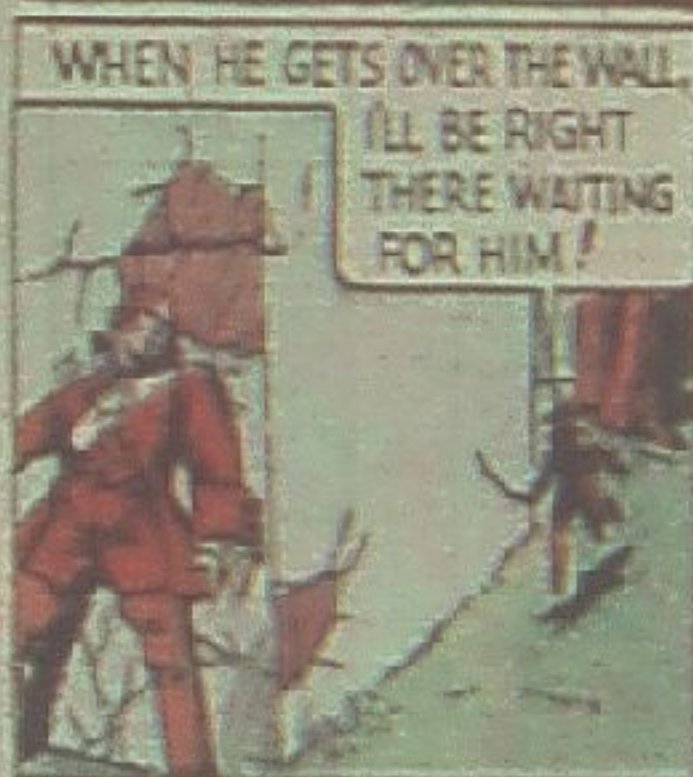
THERE GOES THE HAWK!....
THE ALARM HAS
BEEN SOUNDED.



HE'S HEADING FOR THE NORTH
WALL... I'LL GO AROUND THE
OTHER SIDE AND
CATCH HIM THERE...



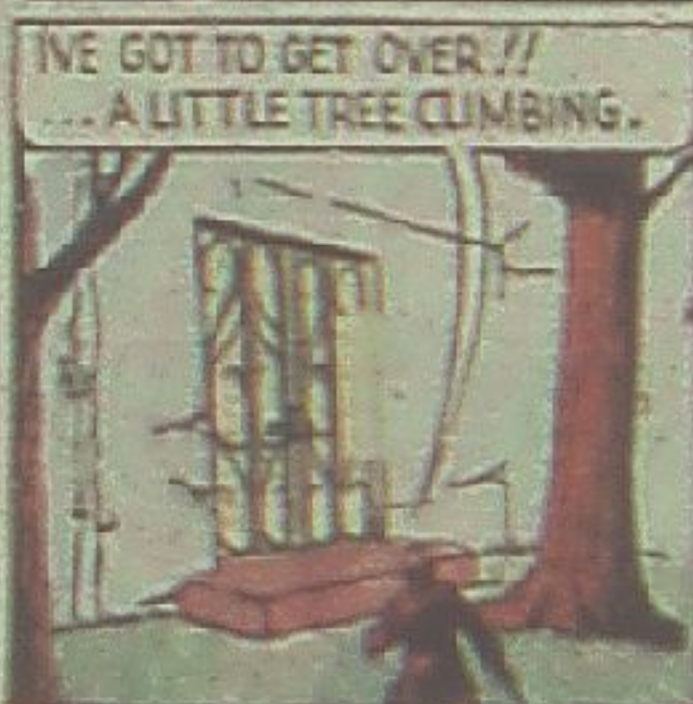
WHEW! THAT SOLDIER IS A
GOOD SHOT,
HE MISSED ME
BY A HAIR...



WHEN HE GETS OVER THE WALL,
I'LL BE RIGHT
THERE WAITING
FOR HIM!



THIS PLACE IS SURROUNDED BY
WALLS... AH! A HOUSE
AHEAD... I HEAR THE
SOLDIERS COMING



I'VE GOT TO GET OVER!!
... A LITTLE TREE CLIMBING.

CLIMBING A TREE, HE'S SAFELY
OVER WITH THE AID OF AN
OVERHANGING BRANCH....



LOOKS LIKE I'M TRAPPED-I CAN'T
GO BACK-- WELL, I
MUST GO FORWARD
--SO HERE GOES--



HE WENT
OVER THIS
WALL-I
SAW HIM-

HE'S TRAPPED, WELL
GET HIM THERE...
AND REAP A FAT
REWARD.



..RUNNING IN THESE
CLOTHES IS TOO DIFFICULT, I'LL
DISCARD THEM IN THE FIRST
ROOM I COME TO....



..IN A BOUDOIR ADJOINING THE
LONG HALL... A YOUNG WOMAN
STANDS Musing

MY-WHAT A
CLEAR MORNING
-I THINK I'LL GO
FOR A DRIVE-



IS THAT YOU, NANA?
ORDER MY CARRIAGE - I'M
GOING RIDING
THIS MORNING



I BEG YOUR
PARDON-
FORGIVE MY
INTRUSION-

W-WHERE DID
YOU COME
FROM?!!



WHO
ARE
YOU?

MEN CALL ME THE
HAWK- ISAY, WHERE
CAN I THROW THESE
CLOTHES?



AT THE FRONT DOOR, THE
SOLDIERS ENTER THE HOUSE

CERTAINLY, YOU
MAY SEARCH
THE HOUSE.

ALRIGHT, MEN
SEARCH
EVERYWHERE



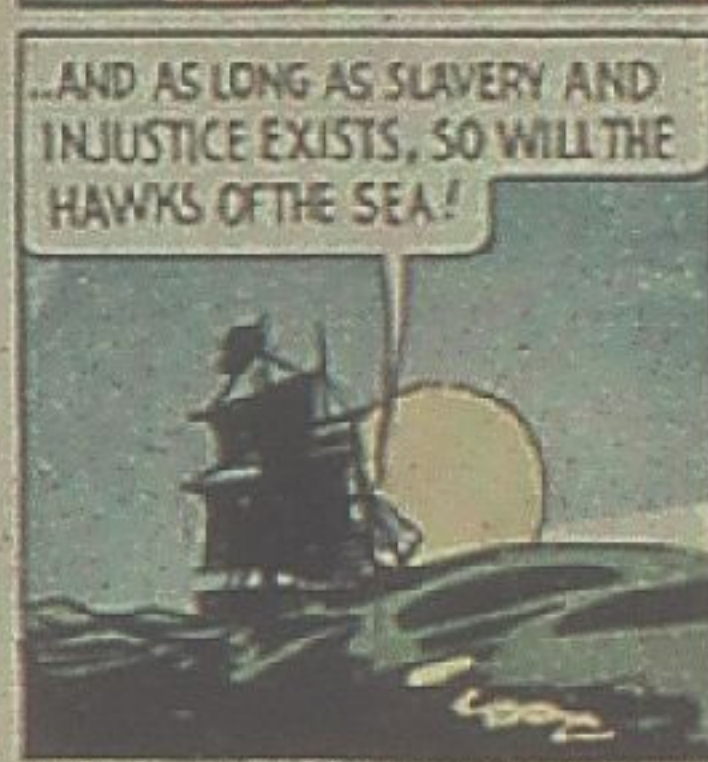
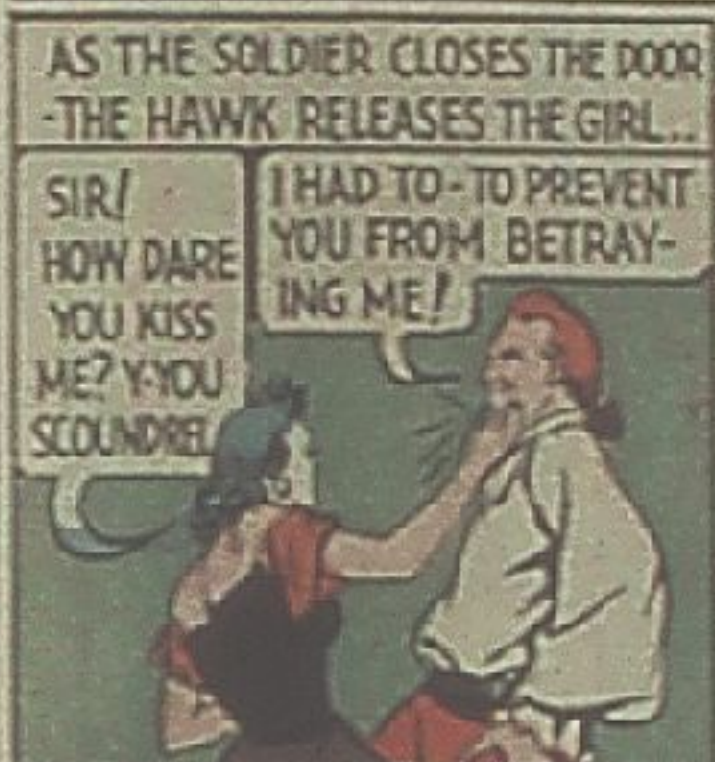
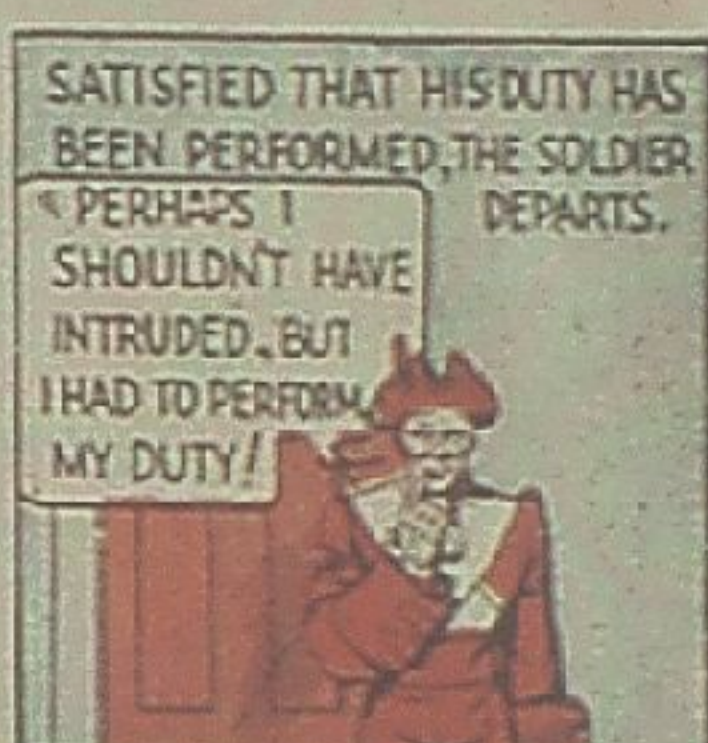
I WILL CALL
THE GUARD
IF YOU DON'T
LEAVE THIS
INSTANT!

THAT REALLY WON'T
BE NECESSARY
- HERE THEY
ARE NOW-



--I-ER-- OOH-HEH-HEH- I
BEG YOUR-TEE
HEE - PARDON-
-GULP!!





Esplionage, a thrilling picture story of the secret service, starts in the October issue—on sale August 31st.



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

PATENTS PENDING

By H. J. TUTHILL
© 1934 H. J. TUTHILL, N. Y.





THE BUNGLE FAMILY

THE OLD MASTER IS WRONG AGAIN

By H. J. TUTTILL

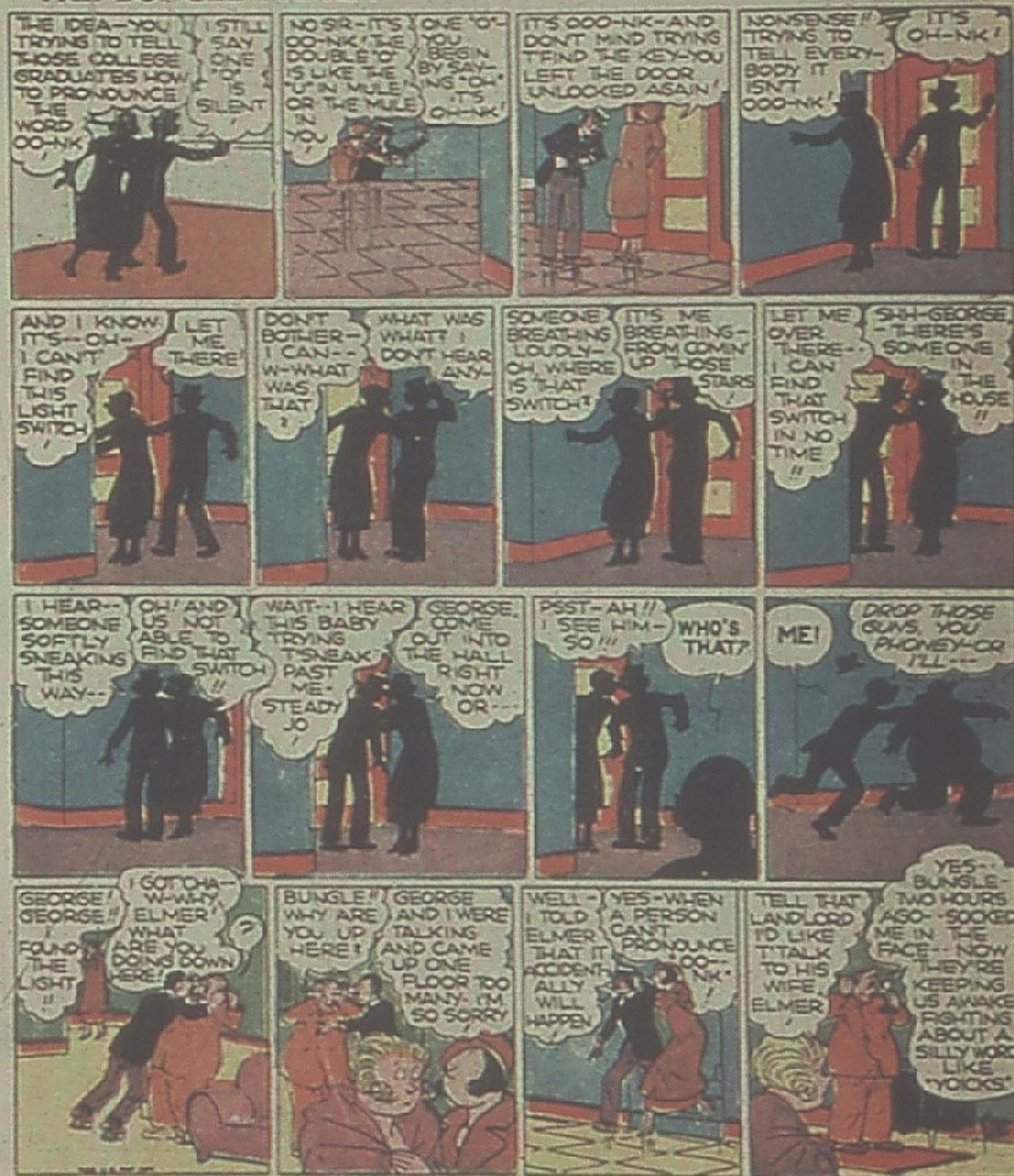




THE BUNGLE FAMILY

THEY CALL IT AN ACCIDENT

By H. A. TUTTILL.





THE BUNGLE FAMILY

ARITHMETIC

By H. J. TUTHILL



Follow the Bungles in the October Issue of FEATURE FUNNIES--on sale August 31st.

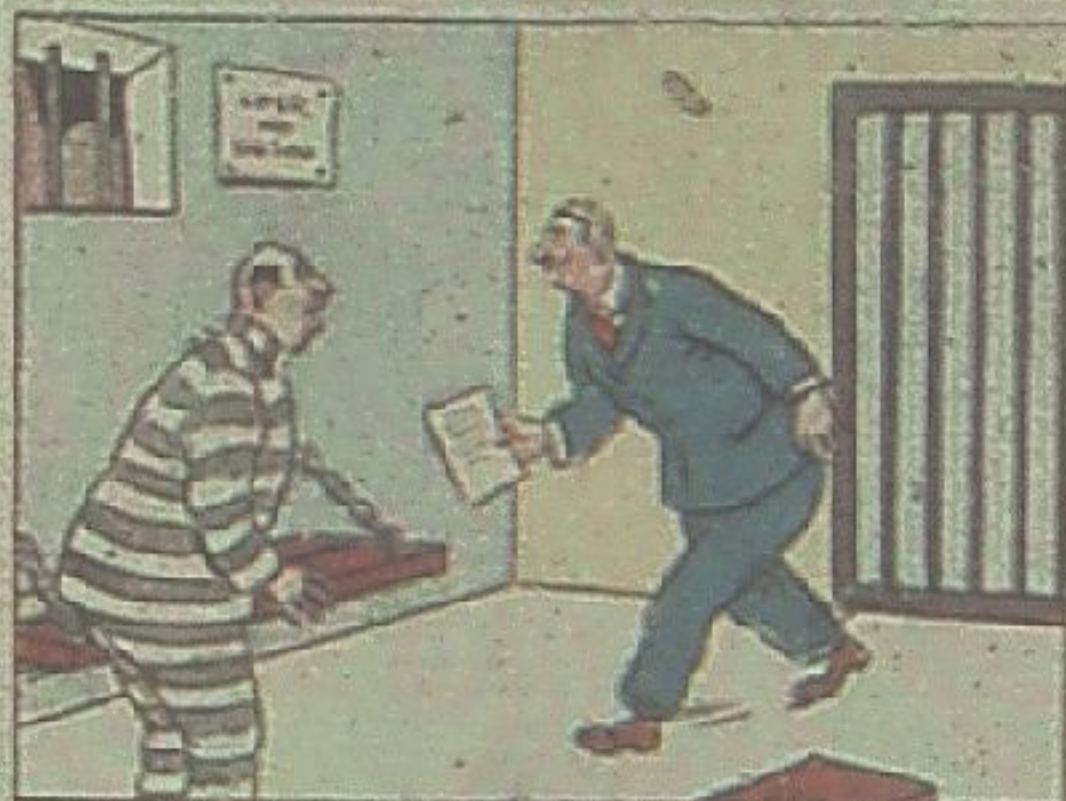
OFF THE RECORD By ED REED,



"I TOLD YOU OUR SON WOULD MAKE GOOD. HE'S BEEN MADE A TRUSTY!"



"HENRY! THERE'S A BURGLAR UPSTAIRS!"



"CONGRATULATIONS! YOU WON THE CAR AND TRAILER IN THAT LIMERICK CONTEST!"



"BEG PARDON MADAM--THERE'S A GAS LEAK IN THE KITCHEN!"



"WE'RE DYING OF THIRST AND YOU TUNE IN THE BLUE DANUBE WALTZ!"



"THERE'S THE DARLINDEST LITTLE SCALE ON ELM ST. THAT NEVER GOES OVER 130 LBS!"

AT THE
WEIGHING
IN THERE
WAS CONFUS-
ION. BAER
ATTEMPTED
SHAKING
BRADDOCK'S
HAND, BUT
JOE BOLD
STOPPED
HIM.

AFTER MANY
SQUABBLES
OVER GLOVES
AND REFEREE
ARTHUR
DONOVAN
WAS CHOSEN
AS THIRD
MAN IN
THE RING.

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

I THINK I SPRAINT MY KNUCKLE.

HOLY SMOKES LEMME SEE !!

HM-YA DID AWRIGHT! WE BETTER GIT A X-RAY #

HURTS!

THERE'S NO BREAK—IT'S A SLIGHT DISLOCATION!

BOY—THAT'S LUCKY!!

BE CAREFUL WITH IT-AFTER A FEW DAYS WE'LL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE-

OKAY DOC- HE WON'T USE IT!

A vintage color photograph of two men walking on a sidewalk. The man on the left is wearing a dark jacket, light-colored trousers, and a hat. The man on the right is wearing a dark jacket, dark trousers, and a cap. They are walking past a building with a red awning.

HA-HA--
DONT WORRY,
I CARRY
INSURANCE
IN CASE I
HURT YOU!

LET TH PUNK
HAVE IT/USE
YER
LEFT--
HE
MURDERED
ME!

IF YOUSE
SAY
SO--

DON'T WORRY-- WE CARRY INSURANCE TOO-- IN CASE WE BROKE YOUR JAW!

ANY DON'T SQUEEZE LITTLE FELLERS HANDS NO MORE

MIGOSH! I TOLD YA TUSE YER LEFT!!

I FERGOT—BUT I THINK I KNOCKED THE KNUCKLE BACK IN PLACE!! FEELS SWELL—

FISHER'S HISTORY OF BOXING

THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN BOWL WAS JAMMED BUT MAY BRADDOCK'S FACE WAS MISSING—SHE HEARD IT ON THE RADIO—



LISTEN THAT CROWD CHEERING YOU JIM!

THE USUAL INTRODUCTIONS—THE REFEREE'S INSTRUCTIONS—AND—THERE'S THE BELL!! BRADDOCK ADVANCES TOWARD BAER—



JOE PALOOKA

© 1936 BY HAM FISHER

By HAM FISHER



BILL—HOW ARE YAT Y'LOOK YOUNGER—WHAT'S HAPPEED—HAD YER FACE LIFTED?

SHH—IM WEARING A TOUPEE!



WELL—I'LL BE!! SAY—THAT'S MARYLESS!

WHY DONT YOU GET ONE? I'LL SEND YOU TO A GUY WHO MAKES 'EM BETTER THAN ANYBODY IN THE WORLD



UH—LEMME SEE ONE A THEM TOOPEES?

OUT HSIU—I'VE ONE TO FEET YOU PAIRFEEOK!



IT'S TH' NERTS!! I CANT WAIT THEAR WHAT JOE SAYS!

YOU LOOK LIKE DE COLLEGE KID!!



HERE YARE TOOTS—IS MR. PALOOKA HERE YET?

YES MR. WALSH—HE'S WAITING FOR YOU—



MR WALSH—OH DEAR—TEE HEE!



HLD JOEY—WHAT WEATHER!! I FEEL TEN YEARS YOUNGER—HOW'DA I LOOK?

YOUSE LOOK AW—RIGHT KNOBBY



I BEEN SITTIN' HERE A HALF HOUR AN' HE DONT EVEN NOTKE THE TOOPEE!!

YES—YOUSE AINT EATIN—

UH—HUM—NOTICE ANYTHIN'?



WHAT ABOUT MY HEAD? ARE YA SCREWY? SAY SOMETHIN'!

YOUR HEAD? (MEBBE HE'S HAD TOO MANY) UH—HOW'S YOUR HEAD?



YA EAP!! DONT TRY TO KID ME. IF YA WANTA SAY IT WELL SAY IT!

KNOBBY—EVERY-BUDDY'S LOOKIN AT US—CMON, I'LL TAKE YOUSE HOME



HERE YOU ARE SIR—I CALLED TO YOU SIR—

HUH??

A NAP'LL FIX YOUSE UP.



WHY DID YOUSE STOP AT THAT GARBEEGE CAN?

AW SHD IT!

FISHER'S HISTORY OF BOXING

BRADDOCK AMAZED BAER WITH THE FIRST PUNCH—A RIGHT WHICH LANDED ON MAX'S JAW.

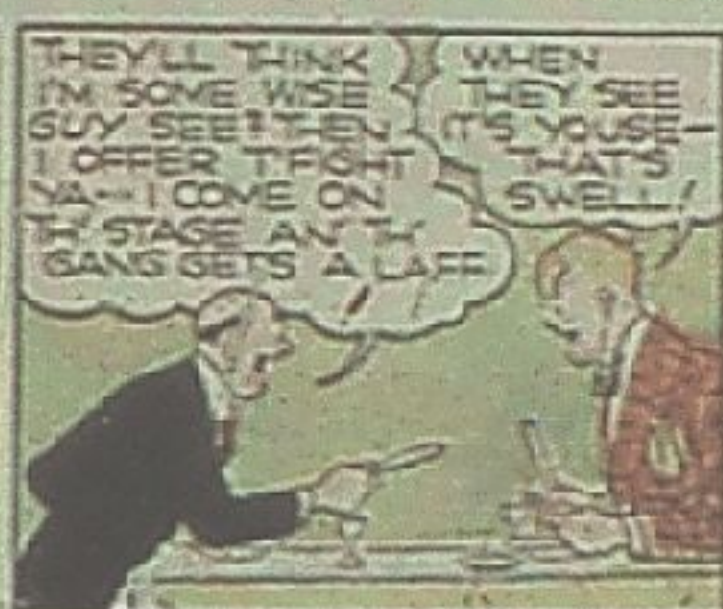


MAXE THREW THAT RIGHT WHICH HAD FLATTENED SO MANY BEFORE—BUT BRADDOCK WASN'T THERE! INSTEAD, BAER RECEIVED A STRAIGHT LEFT IN THE FACE—



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



FISHERS HISTORY OF BOXING



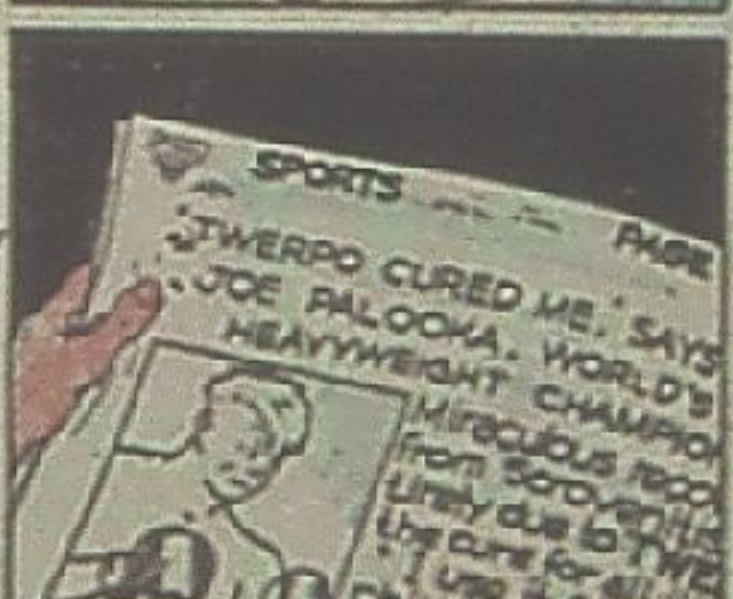
THROUGH THREE ROUNDS BRADDOCK USED HIS LEFT HAND BUT IN THE FOURTH HE SLIFTED TO A RIGHT HAND BODY ATTACK--



MAX LANDED A FEW UPPER CUTS IN THE FIFTH AND WAS WARNED ABOUT USING A BACKLAND BLOW--

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



More of Joe Palooka and Knobby in the October Issue of **FEATURE FUNNIES**—on sale August 31st.

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Answer the questions listed below using the printed form. Then write a short letter of 100 words telling us why you prefer FEATURE FUNNIES of all the comic magazines. Mail your letter and answers to the questions at once. The writer of the best letter will receive \$10.00 in cash. The next three best letters will receive \$5.00 each in cash and the next best 25 letters will receive \$1.00 each in cash.

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This contest is open to all readers of FEATURE FUNNIES except employees of the Company.

All letters must be in not later than September 15th.

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Name Age Years old

Address Street City State

How many in your family read FEATURE FUNNIES? Has it a coaster brake?

Who are they? What make?

Father Mother Brother Sister

Does Mother buy the foods you ask for? Do you own a typewriter?

What breakfast cereal do you prefer? What make?

Have you an automobile in your family? Do you buy five-cent brands of candy and

What make? chewing gum?

Do you wear canvas sneakers in summer? Which chewing gum do you prefer?

How many pairs did you buy last summer? Which candy bar do you prefer?

What make? Do you own a camera?

Do you own a bicycle? What make?

What make? What is your favorite sport?



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